

The Sketch



No. 508.—Vol. XL.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1902.

SIXPENCE.

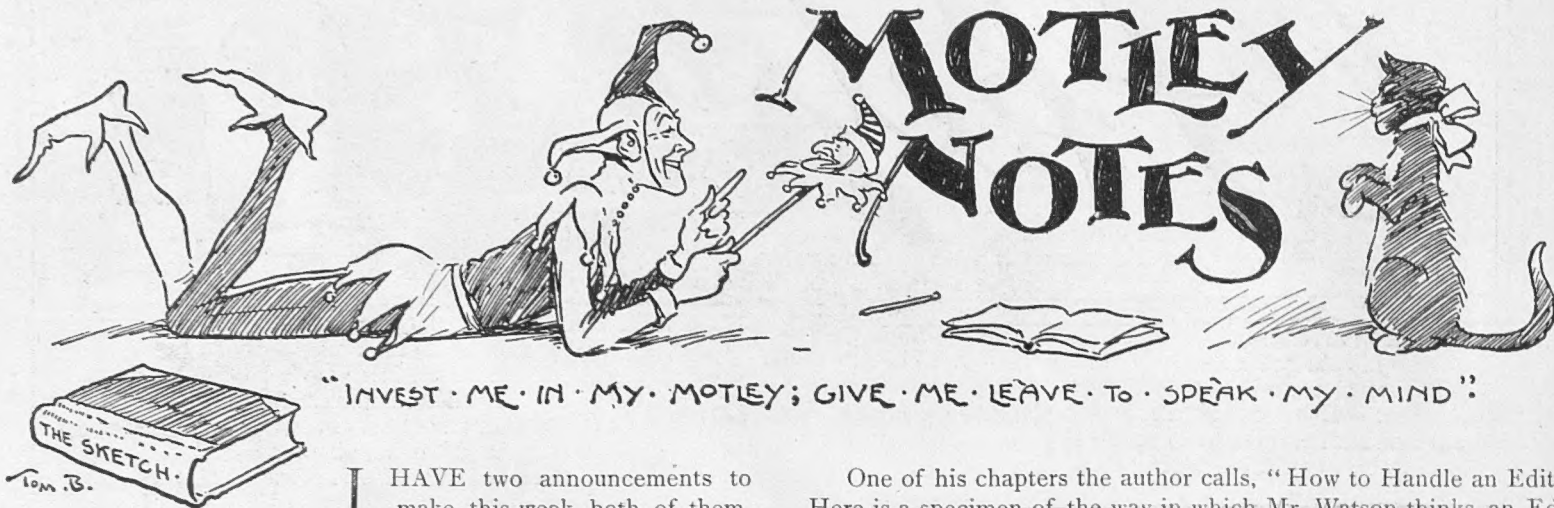


PRINCESS PATRICIA.

PRINCESS MARGARET.

THE PRINCESSES MARGARET AND PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



I HAVE two announcements to make this week, both of them, I venture to think, of exceptional interest to readers of *The Sketch*. To deal with the more serious matter first, I am delighted to be able to tell you that Mr. Vernon Blackburn, the brilliant musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Sketch*, has been officially commissioned to write the Biography of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and has been provided with access to all the important documents connecting Sullivan's life with the musical world. Judging from the conversation I have had with Mr. Blackburn on the matter, I think it will probably be found that Sullivan's interests were of a much larger and more general character than the majority of people ever suspected. Sullivan, of course, was a musician before all else, but he was also a man of the world, and, as such, his Life should be as interesting to the "Man in the Street" as the record of his artistic career will certainly be engrossing to the musician. I doubt whether anyone could have been found better fitted to do the work than Mr. Blackburn, for not only is he an accomplished writer and an expert on all matters relating to music, but he was also a friend of the late composer and an enthusiastic admirer of his work. I prophesy for Mr. Blackburn's Biography a very great success indeed.

My second tit-bit of news comes nearer home, and has to do with another clever member of *The Sketch* staff, namely, Mr. Tom Browne. During the last three years, a great deal of Mr. Browne's work has found its way into this paper, and, if he will allow an admiring colleague to say so, very fine work it has been. But Mr. Browne has beaten all his own records with the series of drawings that he showed me at his studio a few nights ago. This new series he calls "The Seven Ages of a Dutchman," the idea, of course, being taken from Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." In his sketches, the artist traces the career of a Dutchman from the rise to the fall of his life's curtain. Everyone knows Tom Browne's Dutch work, and any artist will at once recognise the scope that such a series as this gives him for displaying his gifts of humour, strength, satire, grim realism. I have only to add that the Editor of *The Sketch* has secured this fine series, and that the first of the drawings will appear in next week's number.

The other day, I received from a kind friend who shall be nameless a little book, entitled "Hints to Young Authors." I have never quite been able to understand why the good people who are sufficiently expert to lead others through the treacherous paths of journalism and authorship do not themselves stay on the safe side of the hungry marshes. In this case, the noble-hearted guide is Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson, who, presumably, has mastered the art of authorship, but still, on his own showing, finds it desirable to make a few shillings by selling his review copies of books. Whether Mr. Watson's work is likely to have a large sale or otherwise I know not; I shall only be doing my duty, however, if I warn any possible readers against such bad advice as the following: "When your name is known, then is the time to begin working off your rubbish." To my warning I will add an amendment. It is this: "Whenever you recognise your rubbish as rubbish, tear it up." But surely Mr. Watson must be a sort of humorist, for, on the very next page, I find him saying: "It is a mistake, in these democratic days, to write impeccable English." Personally speaking, I see, now, that this is the author's little funniment; I would warn him, however, that it is not funny to label a book "Hints to Young Authors," and then to write stuff in the book that, if taken seriously, is calculated to wreck a promising career.

One of his chapters the author calls, "How to Handle an Editor." Here is a specimen of the way in which Mr. Watson thinks an Editor should be handled: "Write, then, intimating that you have an Idea for a new Feature in his paper." I can imagine the extreme pleasure it would give the Editor of this paper, for example, to sit in his chair and listen all day to ideas for new features suggested by young authors fresh from reading this sort of advice. With apologies to Mr. Watson, I will venture to give a little advice myself on the subject of handling an Editor. Firstly, save him trouble. Don't bundle your stuff in just anyhow. Remember that his time is valuable, and that yours will not be the only manuscript submitted that morning. Secondly, don't worry him with unnecessary letters. The chances are that, if you do, he will return your manuscript without reading it, simply to stop the nuisance of your correspondence. Thirdly, don't jump to the conclusion that every Editor is a knave, or a fool, or both. Foolishness and knavery neither of them make for success, and an Editor for whose paper it is worth writing would not be long in his position unless he were a success.

By the way, I promised to tell you whether my favourable impressions of Mr. Jerome's novel, "Paul Kelter," were confirmed by a further reading of the book. I have finished it now, and I am more enthusiastic than ever. For in Mr. Jerome we have a new novelist, and a very good one at that. To those of us whose duty it is to keep in touch with modern fiction, the advent of a new writer whose stuff is worth reading means a good deal, and we are congratulating ourselves on the undoubted success of "Paul Kelter." In another part of this number, I believe, you will find a "Photographic Interview" with Mr. Jerome. Since he gave up editorial work, this lucky person spends all his time out of London. When he is not on the Continent, he is to be found at his country house near Wallingford, and here it was that *The Sketch* man persuaded him to face the camera. It is interesting to know that, in fine weather, both Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Zangwill make use of Mr. Jerome's quiet garden for purposes of work. Mr. Jacobs's study is an arbour of primitive design, whilst Mr. Zangwill takes up a bold position in the middle of the lawn and defies King Sol himself to rival the exceeding brilliance of his epigrammatic pessimisms.

When the leaves are falling and the wind begins to bite, my thoughts turn, quite involuntarily, to that city of sleepy streets and Time-eaten walls that is called Oxford. It is wonderful to think that, year after year, the middle of October brings a fresh supply of undergraduates to Oxford—keen, loyal, young as ever. I can see them to-day, pacing the grand old High with the same air of proprietorial complacency that every Oxford man affects for the first three years of his course. Later on, this lovely sense of sublime confidence leaves him, and in its place there comes a sneaking sort of feeling that, swagger as he may, the City and the University will always belong to an age that is past rather than to a present generation. This truth is still more evident when one returns to the town after an absence of a year or two. One has quite lost touch with the place, and cannot help recognising the melancholy fact that a man out of residence, even though his name be still on the College books, is, after all, an outsider. To me the faces seem to get younger and younger every year. Who shall say that a Don, forced term after term to witness the tragedy of his own increasing age, can possibly be overpaid?

Chicot



THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE (Oct. 14-16).

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Generals and Speeches—The President's Advice to the American Generals—The Boer Generals—British Generals as Speechmakers—Men's Clothes.

THE advice given by the President of the United States to Generals Corbin, Young, and Wood, the three principal officers sent across the Atlantic to be present at the German Manœuvres, was to see, to hear, and to say nothing, and no better rule could be laid down for soldiers at all times, for if they talk they have an awkward habit of blurting out home-truths on inconvenient occasions. There could have been no chance of any international complications being brought about by any speech made by either of the three Generals at "The Pilgrims" lunch, at which General Corbin accounted for the shortness of his oration by quoting the President's caution to him, for the proceedings were characterised by the warmest expressions of friendship from the speakers hailing from both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Brodrick declaring that he was proud during the German Manœuvres to have been taken for an American General, and had tried to keep up the impression, and Mr. Choate saying equally genial and pleasant things for America. "If you say anything at all when you get to Europe, ask everybody to come to the World's Fair at St. Louis," the President had added; and certainly General Corbin acted nobly on the suggestion, for not only did he deliver this message to the "Pilgrims," but on the day on which he and the other American Generals had the honour to lunch with the King, and had Lord Kitchener as a fellow guest, he repeated to His Majesty a message from the President which took the form of a hope that the King would send all good Englishmen over to St. Louis for the great Fair. The Americans are a great people, and the idea that the Sovereigns of Europe may act as honorary agents for the coming World's Fair is a splendid one.

Under no circumstances would the American Generals be likely to say a word that would offend anyone, for every American is used to making speeches and thinks as he speaks. Other Generals are not so happily trained, and I have no doubt that the three Boer Generals, whose ex-President gave them very different advice to that of the President of the United States, have already begun to be sorry that they have been so liberal of speech, for the very genuine admiration felt for them by all Britons, as stout enemies and fine fighting-men, has been very considerably dimmed by finding that they time after time try to satisfy the anti-English audiences they have addressed without saying anything that can be considered in any way disloyal. We, as a nation, do not understand orators who try to blow hot and cold with one breath, and the sums which have been poured into the Boer treasury by foreigners for the aid of the impoverished farmers are small in comparison with those which a straightforward appeal would draw from British purses if the Generals could satisfy their fellow subjects that the cause they plead is an urgent one.

As a rule, a British General makes as few speeches as possible, and his remarks on Service subjects are as terse as an official précis; but there are some excellent speakers on general subjects amongst our men of war. Earl Roberts, when occasion requires, can make a most delightful speech, and there are few men who are speechmakers by profession who could have delivered three happily turned orations in succession on one day as Lord Roberts did a few weeks ago at Bath. Lord Roberts learned the art of public speaking in India, where the Commander-in-Chief has always to say a few words when he is present at any State function. Lord Wolseley's speeches in Parliament may not all hereafter be quoted as models of military oratory, but as an after-dinner speaker at social gatherings he is most happy, just as he is one of the most amusing and most delightful men to sit next to at a dinner-table. Lord Kitchener is now quite an accomplished speechmaker, and on such public occasions as the presentation to him of the freedom of a city, or such private ones as the dinner to which he was invited last week by the Naval and Military Club, acquits himself

admirably; but his ease in oratory is quite of recent acquirement, for one of the mess-room tales with regard to him is that the man of iron was always terribly nervous when he rose to his feet and generally cut down what should have been a long speech to a few words, and it is also said that a very efficient A.D.C., knowing what his General intended to say, used to give to the members of the Press a type-written copy of what Lord Kitchener ought to say, with a request that they would take no notice of what he really might say.

The Editor of an excellent tailors' paper last week told his audience, all men of tape-and-scissors, that the fashion in men's dress had now become so fixed that a century hence we should be wearing coats and trousers cut after the pattern we wear to-day. The tailors, like one man, said "Hear, hear!" and all men who like to wear out their clothes would be delighted if this prediction came true. But a ladies' paper prophesies that we are to return to the dress of Beau Brummel's day, the high collars, the little waists and padded hips, and the huge chokers. I am inclined to think that the Editor is more likely to be right than the correspondent of the journal of fashion for ladies, for when an attempt was made a year or two ago to introduce embroidered waistcoats for the sterner sex it met with little or no favour.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES.

The Commons began their autumn sittings with a disgraceful scene. From the first hour the Irish Nationalists showed a spirit of disorder. Mr. John Redmond has gone with Mr. Dillon to America, and thus a restraining influence has been removed. The presence of Mr. William O'Brien on the opening day was an indication of storm. It was his protégé, Mr. John O'Donnell, a "journalist" representing South Mayo, who was the principal figure in the first scene of the autumn. Mr. O'Donnell defied the Speaker, refused to sit down when told to be silent, moved into the Liberal quarter above the gangway to get nearer the Chair, and then crossed the floor and stood in front of the Prime Minister while he made a theatrical protest against "coercion."

The old times are back again. When

Mr. Arthur Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, a Nationalist member crossed the floor and, approaching the Treasury Bench, shook his hand in the Minister's face. Probably the Prime Minister recalled this incident when Mr. John O'Donnell stood in front of him the other day shouting and gesticulating and threatening. But with courtesy Mr. Balfour unites courage. On both occasions he was perfectly unmoved.

The leadership of the Nationalist Party, in Mr. Redmond's absence, appears to be divided between Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Although Mr. O'Brien's influence is very great in Ireland and in the Party, Mr. O'Connor is a much abler Parliamentarian. "T. P." knows everybody in the House and everything about it. He is a devoted Nationalist and makes passionate speeches in that character, but his genial, gossiping temperament recommends him to members of all Parties. The house would like him still better if he could restrain Mr. O'Brien.

Some of the cleverest speeches in Parliament during the last twenty years have been delivered by Mr. Healy. He is essentially a man of brains, and he has few equals in readiness or in wit. On the opening day of the new sittings he excelled himself. When he rose, after the delivery of heated Irish harangues by colleagues, and said, "I wish, Sir, to say a few words with reference to the Uganda Railway," the House shook with laughter. His speech in the character of a native of Uganda was worthy of Dean Swift. It was full of biting satire, the Government being complimented on their watchful care of naked savages while Kerry was neglected and Connaught was starving. No other member could have improvised such a speech. It sprang out of Mr. Balfour's announcement that he might deal during the present Session with the Uganda Railway



THE PRIME MINISTER ON HIS WAY TO OPEN THE NEW SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY AT MANCHESTER ON OCT. 15.

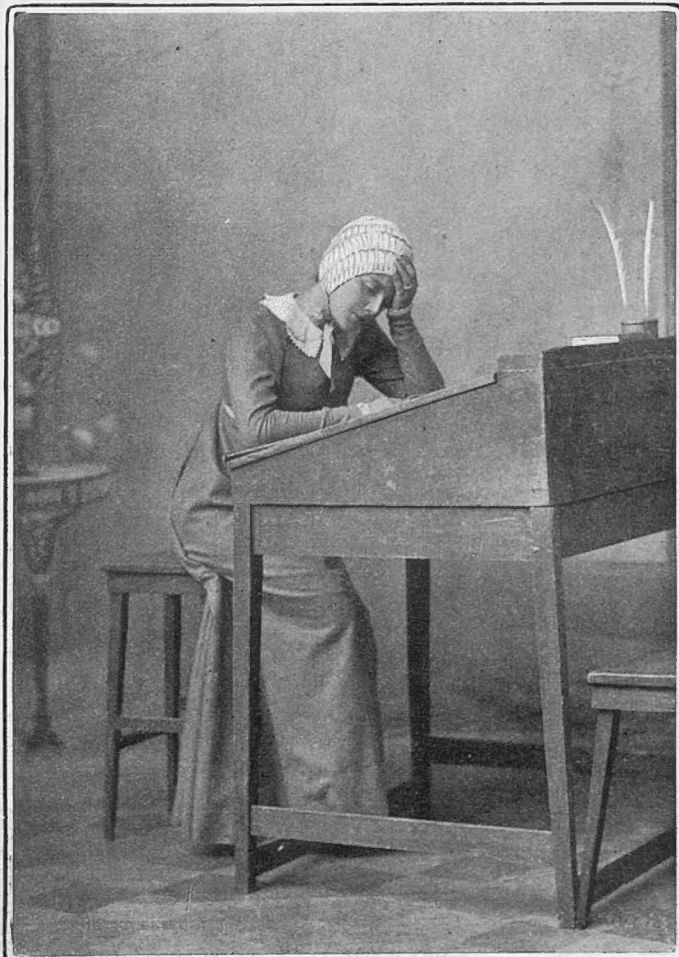
Photograph by Banks, Market Street, Manchester.

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS

IN "QUALITY STREET," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.



Captain Valentine Brown, whilst escorting Phæbe home from church, steals a kiss and, with it, the maiden's heart.



Little thinking of the havoc he has wrought, he goes off gaily to the wars, leaving poor Phæbe, who has lost nearly all her money, to earn a scanty living by teaching.



Just as she is in despair, however, he returns, safe, but, alas! not sound.



Sound or unsound, however, Phæbe loves him still. And the end? Well, could any tender-hearted dramatist leave so dainty a little lady in the lurch?

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+CHARING CROSS	11 10	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	11 17
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LONDON BRIDGE	10 37	BRIGHTON	9 40
NEW CROSS	11 14	LEWES	9 59
EAST CROYDON	10 43	EASTBOURNE	10 5
RED HILL	11 20	MARGATE SANDS	11 30
EDENBRIDGE	10 52	RAMSGATE TOWN	11 40
PENSHURST	10 55	CANTERBURY WEST	12 7
TONBRIDGE	11 15	CANTERBURY SOUTH	12 15
CHATHAM (Main Line)	11 33	DOVER TOWN	12 40
STROOD (S.E.)	11 43	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	1 5
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	11 40		1 17
	11 43		2 27
	12 40		1 22
			2 31

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Newquay			6.23		8.38			9.55	
Falmouth			6.37		8.58	11.3		7.3	10.16
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The Sovereign and
"the Sport of
Kings."*

All Society gathered together to give the King a hearty welcome on the occasion of what is being rather curiously styled his first official appearance at Newmarket since the Accession, for, though the Sovereign has been during the last year more than once at the popular racing centre, this is the first time that he has been there surrounded with all the pomp and circumstance of Majesty. The

been brought up to take an interest in all the philanthropic schemes which interest her lovely mother, accordingly she is a much more intelligent conversationalist than are most girls of her age. She is very fond of animals and has quite a menagerie of pets at Warwick Castle; she has also inherited her mother's love of riding, and is a fearless horsewoman, often accompanying her parents in the hunting-field. Lady Marjorie Greville is Lady Warwick's only daughter, her brother, Lord Brooke, being some three years older than herself, while little Maynard Greville is only four years old.



LADY COLEBROOKE AND HER TEAM.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

King stayed at the Jockey Club, in the charming suite of rooms which has now been his headquarters at Newmarket for so many years and to which constant improvements are being made.

Among the crowds of brave men and fair women who were present at the Second October Meeting may be specially mentioned Lord Durham, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Crewe, Sir Charles Hartopp, Prince Soltykoff, Admiral FitzGeorge, and Mr. Brodrick, while among the fair ladies who showed a keen interest in "the Sport of Kings" were the Duchess of Devonshire, who was with her daughter, Lady Alice Stanley; Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, who is hostess of one of the most charming houses at Newmarket; Lady Colebrooke; Lady Warwick, accompanied for the first time on such an occasion by her young daughter, Lady Marjorie Greville; Lady Chelsea, Lady Wolverton, Lady Cadogan, and, last not least, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West.

A God-daughter of the Queen. Lady Colebrooke, one of the most versatile of our modern beauties, is a member of the interesting group composed of Queen Alexandra's British god-daughters. Miss Alexandra Paget, now Lady Colebrooke, was a daughter of the famous Lord Alfred Paget, the brilliant man of the world who was for so long among the most intimate friends of King Edward, and his pretty daughter's marriage to the young Scottish Baronet was one of the great social events of the year 1889, the bride receiving many Royal gifts. Lady Colebrooke, while a keen sportswoman and one of the best whips in the kingdom, is a fine amateur artist and has exhibited at the Paris Salon. Both Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke are often in town, for they have a charming house in Sackville Street; but they are devoted to Scotland, where, however, they had the misfortune some years ago of having their beautiful old place destroyed by fire.

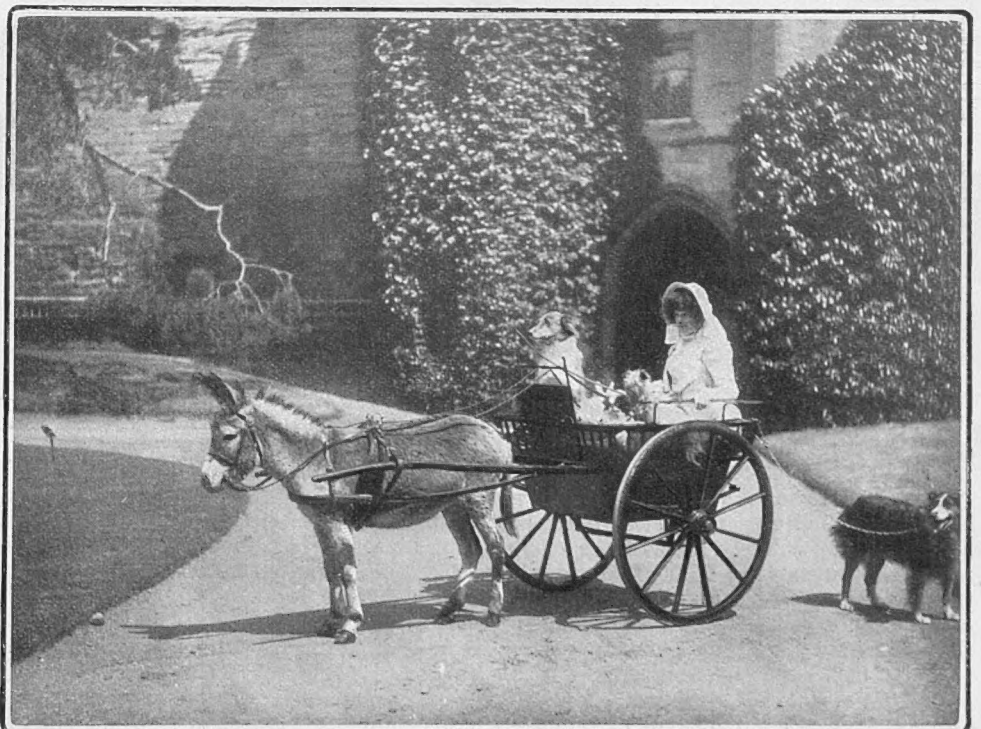
A Beautiful Débutante. Lady Marjorie Greville, whose début was to have been celebrated this week by the giving of a great ball at Easton Lodge, Lord and Lady Warwick's Essex home, is one of the prettiest and cheeriest of Coronation Year débutantes. As an actual fact, Lady Marjorie will not be presented till the first of the winter Drawing-rooms, and Lady Warwick has postponed the ball till the return home of Lord Brooke. Lady Marjorie has

*Partridges in
Cambridgeshire.*

The country round Six-Mile Bottom, in Cambridgeshire, where the King went to enjoy some partridge-driving on Saturday, is much beloved by the little brown bird. There are no hills, there is fair cover, and the soil seems particularly favourable to the growth of partridges. Throughout the district driving is resorted to regularly, and the results seem to prove that birds thrive where they are driven. It is common knowledge that grouse have multiplied since driving was introduced on to the moors, though, of course, draining and heather-burning have had a lot to do with the size of the latter-day bags. In Cambridgeshire, too, an intelligent method of looking after the partridges is in vogue. Hawks, magpies, stoats, and weasels are ruthlessly exterminated, flat water-pans are put down in shady places when the natural water-supply is running short in seasons of drought, and as much cover as farming operations justify is given to the birds. Driving is an expensive pastime enough in these parts, for a very large staff of beaters and stoppers must be engaged, owing to the nature of the land, but in good seasons the birds come over the guns like grouse on a well-stocked moor. In spite of the fine quality of the sport, rents are not high, and I have heard of good rough shooting in this district being let for three shillings per acre. The demand is very steady, and no land worth having gets into the open market; so soon as a man tires of his tenancy, several of his friends are clamouring to be allowed to take his place. Partridge-driving yields fine sport to good shots; the man who can bring off a right and left at driven partridges coming to him down a fair wind may shake hands with himself.

Sport in Scotland.

The shooting season in Scotland, so far as the wealthiest visitors to the country are concerned, is almost at an end. In the great forests the stags are beginning to roar and to devote themselves to the hinds so completely that their instinct of self-preservation seems to be relegated to a second place. Even on moors where the grouse are still to be driven with fair success,



LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE IN HER DONKEY-CART.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

the atmospheric conditions are unpleasant, and lowland shooting is to be obtained under more favourable conditions in the South. Moreover, the huntsman is out in the grass country. So the season will soon be passing under review, and I do not think it will find many detractors. Grouse have not been so plentiful as they were last year, but fairly heavy bags have been made in all directions, and disease has not been prevalent. Many fine stags have fallen to the rifles in the Highlands; it is too early to say at present if the number is above or below the average. The King's cruise round the Highlands, and his deer-drives in Mamore, Invercauld, and other favoured haunts of the red deer, will probably serve to increase the existing demand for forests, and, as the number cannot well be increased beyond the hundred and fifty at which it stands to-day, one may suppose that the prices will rule higher than ever as leases expire or short tenancies come to an end. The King's example in passing by all stags that are not fully grown must have a good effect upon the sport, for, though it may tend to leave nothing but the smaller beasts to sire the coming generation, the limits set in most leases to the number that may be shot must avail to leave fine specimens in most forests that are not shot by proprietors.

The Countess of Chesterfield is considered by many good judges to be the most beautiful among the Peeresses of her age and standing. She is, of course, one of the lovely group of daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of Warter Priory, and she was not only the fairest debutante of her year, but her beauty and that of her sister, now Mrs. Guy Fairfax, created quite a sensation. The Misses Wilson—and the group includes Mr. Arthur Wilson's daughters—have many gifts often denied to beauties; they are witty and clever, artistic to their fingertips, and adepts at whatever happens to be the fashionable game or sport of the moment. Lord and Lady Chesterfield have been married two years. They have a delightful house in Upper Grosvenor Street, and their country place is Holme Lacy, one of the historic homes of England.

Art in Photography. Something in the nature of a revolution

in the art of photography was introduced by the appearance of "Histed," whose aim was to obtain greater effects in light and shade than had ever previously been produced. How well he has succeeded the world knows and the examples of his work reproduced in the current number of *The Sketch* sufficiently attest. The greatest proof of Mr. Histed's talent, which many artists declare should be called genius, in his own particular line is the fact that, while there are seven points painters recognise as all-important in going to the make-up of a successful portrait, he has actually succeeded in obtaining six. There was at one time an impression—and it was asserted with a good deal of certainty—that his unique effects were obtained by his pictures being taken a little out of focus. This is quite erroneous. Mr. Histed's effects are derived by a subtle appreciation of the value of light, and he is convinced that no two subjects can be lighted in the same way. Proof of this is to be found

in the pictures we reproduce of Mr. Edward John Gregory, R.A., the President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; of M. de Nevers, who writes English with a great facility; and of Miss Isabel Jay, who until her marriage was the leading lady of the Savoy Theatre.

Royal Automobilists.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, who have been staying since the conclusion of the Naval Manœuvres at their beautiful summer residence in Hemmelmark, departed last week for Darmstadt, where they purpose staying for some time with their favourite cousin and brother, the Grand Duke of Hesse. The first part of the journey (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*) they performed in an automobile—a magnificent vehicle of American construction which His Royal Highness purchased last month at Hamburg. At Kiel,

however, the Princess left her husband, and, with her two sons, Sigismund and Heinrich—who, by the way, despite their recent attack of the measles, looked remarkably well—proceeded by railway to the residence of the Grand Duke. Prince Henry continued his journey, accompanied by his Aide-de-Camp and a mechanic. Although His Royal Highness travelled incognito, under the name of Herr von Achenbach, he was recognised at all the towns through which he passed. At Osnabrück some slight repairs were necessary, and a large crowd gazed eagerly at the Prince as he assisted in adjusting matters. A member of the crowd offered Prince Henry a glass of wine, which he accepted with a few joking remarks, saying that the stomach was as much in need of benzine as the automobile.

The Prince has decided to spend forty thousand pounds on the reconstruction of his Summer Palace in Hemmelmark. The new Palace will be in "Munich style," and will have only one wing, which will stretch towards the sea. The work of pulling down the existing building will be commenced almost immediately.

Good-humour is the dominant note of the German Emperor's intercourse with the

Diplomatic Corps in Berlin. He had occasion recently, when staying for a few days in his Capital, to see an Ambassador on pressing business. On the way back from his early morning ride, he rang the Embassy bell and asked if His Excellency were at home. "His Excellency," replied the flunkey, almost dumfounded at the sight of the Imperial visitor, "is in bed." "Good," was His Majesty's answer; "I will see him there." Mounting the stairs two at a time, the Emperor entered the sleeping-apartment of His Excellency, whom he found peacefully slumbering, with one arm hanging over the bed. This arm the Emperor seized and heartily shook. The Diplomatist opened his eyes, and on seeing the Emperor bending over him concluded that he was still dreaming. He was, however, quickly convinced of his error, and half-an-hour later was observed, in no more impressive garments than his sleeping-suit and dressing-gown, escorting the laughing monarch down the stairs.



THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Lady Grey-Egerton. Lady Grey-Egerton, one of the many beautiful women who may spend a portion of the winter in India in order to be present at the great Durbar, is among the most popular Americans in Society. *Née* Miss Cuyler, of New York, she is a typical daughter of the "Stars and Stripes," good-looking, clever, full of kindness, and possessed, as are so many American women, of a remarkably beautiful voice; indeed, it has sometimes been said both she and Lady Randolph Churchill, had they cared to do so, might have become professional musicians. Sir Philip and Lady Grey-Egerton are the happy owners of Oulton Park, a charming place in Cheshire, where they spend a considerable portion of each year. Lady Grey-Egerton has three children—twin sons, who will be eight years old in April, and a little daughter. She is a devoted



LADY GREY-EGERTON.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

mother, and holds many of the modern views concerning the education of the new generation.

Keele Hall. Keele Hall, the splendid historic home of Mr. Ralph Sneyd, where the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby will soon entertain King Edward on a few days' visit, is one of the glories of Staffordshire. It is not really an old house, but is of red sandstone and has all the charm of an ancient Tudor mansion. The interior of the house has been arranged with a view to every modern comfort and, indeed, luxury, and as for the gardens and grounds generally they are justly famed and include as their chief feature a marvellous clipped holly hedge, first planted in the eighteenth century, which is six hundred and twelve feet in length and twenty-five feet high. Mr. Ralph Sneyd, who can boast of being the best-lineaged commoner in the kingdom—he can trace his descent straight from Alfred the Great—is an enthusiastic sportsman, and some time ago he laid down a racecourse, which is naturally a great source of enjoyment and amusement to the neighbourhood.

The Present Occupiers of Keele Hall. The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby are among His Majesty's most intimate younger friends, and this in spite of the fact that the Grand Duke has now been banished from Russia for some years owing to the fact that neither the late Czar nor Nicholas II. ever forgave him for having given up all the world for love, by contracting a morganatic alliance with the beautiful Countess Sophie Merenburg, herself the issue of a morganatic alliance between

Prince Nicholas of Nassau and the Countess Pouskine. The Grand Duke Michael and his pretty, accomplished young wife were among the King's personal guests at the Coronation. They have often entertained the Sovereign in their delightful villa at Caunes, and at least once before at Keele Hall.

A Perfect Childhood.

The Duchess of Marlborough, like most American women of high degree, can look back on having had an almost perfect childhood. An only daughter, her parents were both devoted to her, and she was, even as a child, very clever and piquante-looking; in fact, not at all unlike the Anglo-American Duchess, now the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, after whom she had been named Consuelo. Mr. William Vanderbilt is a man of great culture, and the future Duchess of Marlborough was admirably educated, as a young girl being often in



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AS A CHILD.

Photograph by Bain, New York.

Europe, where she had the best masters. She has remained, however, greatly attached to her native land, and often has friends of her childhood staying with her at Blenheim, and quite recently she spent a few weeks in America.



KEELE HALL, THE STAFFORDSHIRE HOME OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND THE COUNTESS TORBY.

Photograph by Gover and Co., Hanley.

*"King Edward's
Hospital."*

Among the many institutions which rendered beneficent service during the late War, one of the best, yet possibly least-known, was that opened in December 1899 in Grosvenor Crescent by the Misses Keyser. These benevolent sisters gave up their beautiful home for and themselves worked assiduously in the nursing of sick and wounded officers invalided home from South Africa. King Edward took a great interest in the undertaking and extended gracious support to it. Now, happily, the necessity for the existence of this haven of rest has vanished, and, after a period of nearly three years, "King Edward's Hospital" once more becomes a West-End residential mansion.

*Miss Florence
Marks.*

Miss Florence Marks had the honour to be received at Buckingham Palace by His Majesty the King, to submit to him the portrait she is painting of Field-Marshal H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, which is to be one of the collection of contemporary notabilities which the King is forming for St. James's Palace. His Majesty graciously expressed himself pleased with the portrait.

*The British Fire
Service.*

The "Short History of the British Fire Service" compiled by Mr. T. G. Dyson for the Committee of the International Fire Brigades' Exhibition, Berlin, to be presented to the German Government, is full of interest. Mr. Dyson, besides being Chief of the Windsor Fire Brigade, and Executive Member of several important Associations for the prevention of fire, is a Member of Honour of the French, Belgian, and Austrian Fire Brigades' Federation, and is thus well qualified to speak on all matters connected with the subject of which he has made a special study. While admitting the fine physique of London firemen, their keenness when danger has to be faced, and the good general knowledge of the sub-officers or superintendents, he dismisses the superior officers in some half-dozen words, and says that the idea prevails among the members that "there is only one Fire Brigade in the world, and that is in the City of London, and what isn't known there isn't worth knowing." He concludes his history by the pregnant remark, "The folly of this idea, with others equally unwise, is fatal towards making the M. F. B. what it once was, and what it ought to be now, the best Fire Brigade in the world."

*The Hon. Violet
Monckton.*

The Hon. Violet Monckton is the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Galway, of Serlby Hall, Bawtry. She is a great heiress, having succeeded to the large fortune of her uncle, Mr. Gosling, a member of the wealthy banking firm of that name. Miss Monckton has an income of over £15,000 a-year and a beautiful estate in Surrey, and is one of the prettiest girls in Society.



THE HON. VIOLET MONCKTON.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

A Future Countess.

Miss Mollie Darrell, the future Countess of Kinnoull, has now been for some years one of the most popular and brilliant girls in London Society. She is, like her *fiancé*, devoted to music—indeed, some critics consider her one of the best lady violinists among amateurs. The engagement of the



MISS MOLLIE DARRELL, WHO IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO
THE EARL OF KINNOULL.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Scottish Earl and Miss Darrell was announced at Homburg, of which fashionable cosmopolitan spa they are both very fond. Lord Kinnoull, in spite of the fact that he is a grandfather, is still some way on the sunny side of fifty. He has had a distinguished military career and is the happy possessor of two fine historic Scotch castles.

*The Playgoers'
Club.*

The Playgoers' Club may be congratulated upon a remarkably successful year. While they have enlarged their premises and responsibilities, the support forthcoming from the members has more than justified the expenditure, and a credit balance of six or seven hundred pounds is the result of the year's work. In addition to this, they record the performance of the Playgoers' Club Competition Play, Miss Netta Syrett's "Finding of Nancy," which yielded more than one hundred pounds to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. The Pantomime Fund for poor children was another new undertaking that met with an unqualified success, nearly twelve thousand of the poorest children in the Metropolis being entertained. After paying all the expenses, which included refreshments for every child, there is a balance of one hundred pounds or more to go to the coming season. Max Beerbohm will be President for the ensuing year, and the selection seems to be a very happy one. Sunday night entertainments are the most successful part of the Club's life.

*A Popular Ladies'
Club.*

The New Century, one of the latest and most successful Clubs for ladies, has just moved from its premises in Old Bond Street to Hay Hill Lodge, Berkeley Street. Although no more than two years old, the Club has already secured one thousand members, and the new Clubhouse will afford accommodation for as many more. The management is on very modern lines. In return for their subscription of one guinea, members can breakfast or lunch well for a shilling and dine for eighteenpence, while a bedroom can be had for three shillings and sixpence. Where among the many Clubs for men shall we look for such a tariff? The new premises are most happily situated; some of the rooms overlook the grounds of Lansdowne House, and, tell it not in Gath, there is a smoking-room. Mere men may be entertained, and will, doubtless, take full advantage of the privilege. There is plenty of room in London for such a Club as the New Century, and it will appeal strongly to all ladies who work at some little distance from their homes. I can't help thinking that the Ladies' Clubs will soon have a distinct effect upon those that exist for men. Women know the value of money far better than men, and when they tell their husbands and brothers what they get and what they pay, the high charges that prevail in London Clubland will be criticised as they never were before. From criticism to revision will not be a very far cry in all but the most conservative institutions.

Lowther Castle. Lowther Castle, where Lord and Lady Lonsdale are shortly to entertain the German Emperor, and where they are even now entertaining Royalty, in the person of the Duchess of Argyll, has been described as the finest country seat in the kingdom. The Castle will celebrate its hundredth birthday in a very few years, for it was rebuilt by Smirk in 1806 on the site of an older building destroyed by fire. As is meet in the home of one who has been called "the Admirable Crichton of the sporting world," Lowther contains a marvellous collection of sporting trophies, many of them actually collected by the present Lord Lonsdale, but the literary-minded visitor is naturally more concerned with the fine library, which contains one of the best private collections of books and manuscripts in England. Innumerable have been the Royal visits to Lowther, one of the most interesting having been that of the Duchess of Kent and the then Princess Victoria, not long before Her late Majesty's Accession. The German Emperor's visit to Lowther some seven years ago was a great event in the annals of this splendid place, and the visit was said at the time to have cost the Kaiser's host fifty thousand pounds. So large was the accommodation required to lodge the Imperial visitor, his suite of twelve persons, and his many servants, that the house-party asked to meet him had to be strictly limited to fifteen. The guests invited included Georgina, Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady Chesham, Sir Francis and Lady Grenfell, the Duke of Beaufort (then Lord Worcester), and Mr. and Mrs. Lowther. The visit was essentially a sporting one, as it is expected this one will be.

The park at Lowther is said to afford every variety of scenery and to be a very paradise of trees. Particularly wonderful is the grass terrace, close to the Castle; this is some three-quarters of a mile in length, and overlooks a steep, wooded cliff. Very lovely is the river

flowing through the grounds; it is a true North Country stream, full of clear shallows and affording some very good fishing. Lord Lonsdale is just the type of man to fascinate his Imperial friend; he is one of those who have "done many things in many lands, and done them very well." To give one example, though best known in his own country as a fearless huntsman and keen sportsman, elsewhere his name recalls his daring expedition to the North Pole, and he has hunted big game in every continent. The head of the Lowthers takes his duties, however, both as Peer and as landowner very seriously, and he is never happier than when entertaining a group of keen shots at lordly Lowther.

Few great soldiers have ever had a warmer and a pleasanter send-off than that awarded last week to Lord Kitchener by his Sovereign and by his fellow countrymen. The new Commander-in-Chief of India is a seasoned Londoner; his usual mode of locomotion is the dangerous but fascinating hansom, and it was in one of London's gondolas that he proceeded to the Palace to attend the luncheon given especially in his honour by the King. Particular interest naturally attached to the group composed of the United States Ambassador and the American officers who had been specially

invited to meet Lord Kitchener, and someone in the crowd speculated as to what George III. would have thought of this luncheon given in the official home of the British Sovereign to a number of military men including America's bravest and best. The King, as always, showed his American guests exceptional civility; indeed, Mr. Choate sat on the Sovereign's right hand, and General Corbin, the genial Adjutant-General of the United States Army, on his left. There is no European Palace which possesses a more stately suite of rooms than that in which His Majesty entertained Lord Kitchener, and in honour of the occasion many of the marvellous pieces of plate generally only seen on State occasions ornamented the sideboard, although the luncheon itself was of a simple and informal character.



LOWTHER CASTLE, WHERE LORD AND LADY LONSDALE WILL SHORTLY ENTERTAIN THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Photograph by Valentine, Dundee.



LOW GARDEN BRIDGE, A CHARMING SPOT IN THE GROUNDS OF LOWTHER CASTLE.

Photograph by Valentine, Dundee.

Monte, Grand Canary.

The charm of the little-known mountain districts in the Grand Canary is undeniable (writes a correspondent). The village of Santa Brigida, sixteen hundred feet above sea-level and the town of Las Palmas, lies in the heart of a neighbourhood of singular beauty. The surrounding range of mountains and San Mateo represent a grandeur which is tempered and softened by the green slopes of the vine-clad hills. Christmas at the beautiful and comfortable Hotel Santa Brigida means a festival of flowers, opening with a violet excursion into the woods on Christmas Eve, and ending in a flare of lilies, heliotrope, orange-blossom, myrtle, geraniums, and passion-flowers, in riotous and reckless profusion of internal decoration, on Christmas Day. Outside, a dazzling blue sky, brilliant sunshine, dry, exhilarating air, with a normal temperature of seventy degrees. A tempting celebration, surely — only four days' steaming from Southampton!

Lord Onslow and Motors.

All, whether motorists or not, will agree that there is much common sense in what Lord Onslow said to the Surrey magistrates last week. It is of much more importance that the police should be instructed to look after the speed of motor-cars at dangerous spots where traffic is heavy, and where an excessive rate of driving means danger and, perhaps, loss of life to pedestrians and cyclists, than that they should take the time of cars over level bits of country road where it is very unlikely that harm will come to anyone. In many of the towns and villages round London there are narrow escapes every day because motor-car drivers will go at an improper speed through crowded thoroughfares. But in such places there is seldom a policeman to be seen, or, if there is one, he takes no notice of the cars. The police seem instructed to reserve all their energies for half-deserted roads, where an extension of pace on the part of the drivers is next-door to harmless. The general public will be thankful to Lord Onslow for his sensible remarks.

Richmond Bridge.

The Thames is fast getting so metamorphosed and the picturesque old bridges which cross it are being treated so uncere- moniously that all lovers of the river will be relieved to hear that the Corporation of Richmond does not think the moment opportune for pulling down Richmond Bridge and building a modern structure in its place. The bridge which now stands is an exceedingly handsome one, and the view up the river which everyone is anxious to preserve would be ruined were it destroyed. No doubt, as the motor-car traffic increases, a new bridge across the Thames between Richmond and Kew will be needed before many years elapse, but the steep pitch which leads down to the river from Hill Street is so precipitous and the turn to it is so sharp that it would be far better to build a new bridge lower down and to leave the old one as it is. St. Margaret's and Twickenham have grown so enormously of recent years that something will have to be done, and a road skirting the Old Deer Park and leading to a new bridge seems the most sensible suggestion.

A Ping-Pong Revolution.

Ping-Pong, which has now become a recognised winter game, shows signs of setting in this season with increased severity. Already players have become such adepts that it has been found necessary to increase the difficulties, and now a new rule is promised us. The innovation is a regulation that the server must strike his own side of the table first with the ball and so make it bound over the net and strike the other side. This will effectually do away with the smashing service which has begun to make the game a one-sided affair for the benefit of the server. The new rule has been adopted by the Ping-Pong



MONTE, GRAND CANARY: VILLAGE OF SANTA BRIGIDA.

Association, but it remains to be seen whether it will meet with general acceptance among lovers of the game.

The Adelphi.

There seems a chance that the Adelphi will be respited after all, and that the fine block of buildings, the finest performance of the brothers Adam, will not be pulled down to make room for a lordly pleasure-house for the London County Council. The enormous rise in the rates which this scheme would inflict on us seems ill compensated for by the destruction of one of the finest riverside terraces in London.

Brighton and Back.

After all, it appears to be likely that we shall be able to get down to Brighton from London by rail in a reasonable time before long, as a Bill for an electrical line to the seaside will be introduced into Parliament next Session. Seventy-five miles an hour is to be the pace, and forty minutes is to be the time occupied in the journey, although it is proposed to stop four times on the road. The average visitor to Brighton takes but little luggage, so that a fast service of electric expresses should be quite feasible, while those who have much baggage will, of course, go by the heavier steam-drawn trains. Before long, no doubt, the speed will be increased, and then we shall have what will really be a fast train-service to Brighton and back, which will be a great boon to Londoners.

The Great "Slogger."

Mr. G. L. Jessop, who has just been married, will be presented by his Bristol admirers with a wedding-present from the subscribers to a shilling fund. In this way all followers of the great cricketer will be able to participate in the gift, which should be something magnificent, judging by the regard in which Mr. Jessop is held. The famous batsman began his career in 1894, but it was not until two or three years ago that he began to score heavily.

A Cure for Paralysis.

Fasting used to be far more common than it is now as a cure for ills, but it seems to have lost none of its powers. A professional fasting-man in New York set out to fast for forty days, and at the beginning of his task was suffering from paralysis. When the forty days of abstinence were over, he discovered that he was nearly cured, and he now believes that fasting is the real cure for the disease.



BANANA-FIELDS IN THE GRAND CANARY.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Pil and the Pendulum.

It is astounding how little sympathy has been extended to Baron de Bradsky in his fatal ride with Morin (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The system of his balloon was old to aeronauts, and had been discarded, particularly by Santos-Dumont. There is no doubt that he was beaten from the very first. He had not the remotest knowledge of going to Paris; but he went there and sank into the fog over St. Denis. And there he and Morin saw the car spin round as though on a pivot, tearing the very entrails out of the balloon. And far away, under the blue sky of Vaugirard, Madame de Ratski saw the balloon, proud of the burden dismissed, shoot up, and clapped her hands in honour of her husband's great triumph.

It has pleased for some time a section of the German Press to attack Paris Correspondents, whom they declare have never seen Berlin and who make up their articles from afar. One world-famed paper which was clearly *visé* will claim two thousand pounds. Gordon Bennett in the witness-box will make journalistic history.

I was delighted with the improvement in the Children's Toy Show this year at the Jardin de Paris. How M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, does even one-half of his work puzzles me. He saw that the unclean Belgian was infesting the Toy Market at Christmas on the Boulevards, and he decided to encourage the French manufacturer. This year the big houses, with an eye on London, stood aloof for fear of being copied, but there were some really quaint displays which promise well for the show on the Boulevards.

I had seen them right through their visit—De Wet, Delarey, and Botha. The crowd at the Gare du Nord expected a little dash of khaki, but that was denied, and the silk-hats rode badly and the frock-coats looked like an advertisement for a three days' sale only. They remembered Chamberlain and French "pin-pricks," but there was not a flag flying. There was no symptom that Paris had ever been faster asleep. It was easy to see that the Generals were disappointed, particularly De Wet, who had his hand always at his brow, waiting for an excuse to salute before Botha. But it was positively heart-rending to see these brave fellows at the Nouveau Theatre at the Conference, when the full value of French sympathy was touched through the pocket. They had expected a crowded house, but there was hardly a soul. It was cold and unnerving, and for a moment they hesitated. I can imagine nothing more harrowing to these men, who had believed in Paris; than the cries of the hawkers selling the tickets at a few sous instead of at ten francs.

Yvette in Clover. I am assured that Yvette Guilbert is making more money than she ever dreamed of in her tour through provincial France. She has an excellent comedy,

"Second Ménage," in two Acts, and in between she entrances a delighted audience with her most famous creations. It is far from being improbable that Yvette will invade England in this way next summer.

Aéroplanes a Public Nuisance.

The authorities are asked to put an end to aerial navigation, on the ground that it is a danger to public traffic. They point out that a fall by Santos-Dumont, Severo, or de Bradsky must have caused death to the populace if it had taken place in the public street. There I am with them. A fifteen-ton balloon wandering carelessly over the city is a danger, and one to be considered.

The Government has decided to substantially increase the price of the Maryland cigarettes. The charge will be made in a roundabout fashion. The price is to remain the same, but the weight is to be decreased by a quarter. Those who believed that they were buying American tobacco are simple enough not to deserve much sympathy.

The season at the Continental spas and seaside places is now definitely at an end; hotels are empty, orchestras disbanded, shutters are up in the shops, and Casinos are closed. Now, in the French seaside places an inspector will pay his annual visit and make a report to the effect that he found no gambling going on. During the Dog Days he went to the resorts that have no more than a winter season and made a similar report, for, according to the French law, even the *petits chevaux* are an illegal institution. Some say the inspectors, devout men though they be, think less of the Law than of the Profits; and certainly the profits of Casinos are big enough to permit a generous distribution of baksheesh to the deserving poor. I am told that the profits of the Casino at Dieppe are not less than forty thousand pounds a year, and the Casino

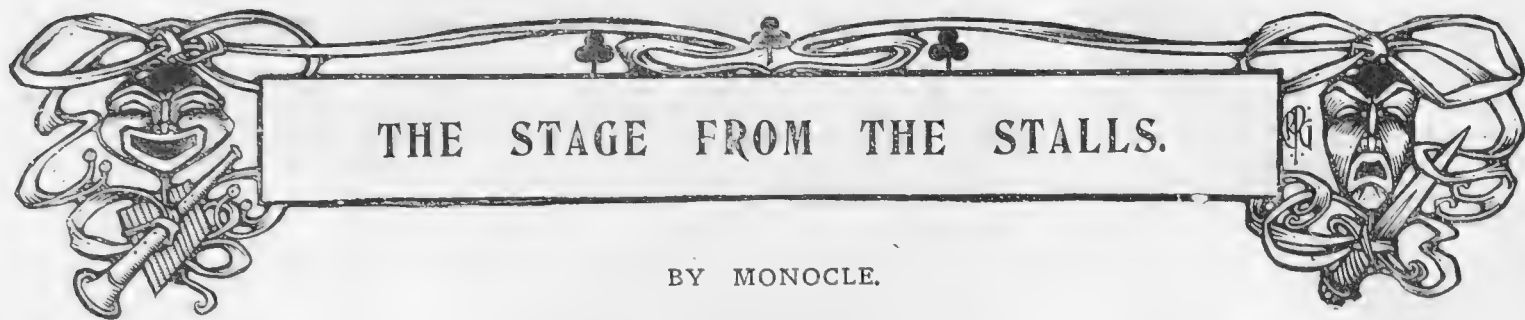
was built by M. Isidore Bloch, of Paris, at a cost of fifty thousand pounds, and presented to Dieppe—in return for a thirty years' concession. Suppose for a moment that the statement of profits is grossly exaggerated—I do not think it is—or that the present figure has been reached only in late years, and halve the stated amount. Even then, an income of twenty thousand a-year for thirty years from an outlay of fifty thousand pounds does not seem a bad investment in these hard times. M. Bloch, who is a very generous man, with an immense business capacity, has the concession for one of the Casinos at Biarritz.

"We are Seven." The seven young gentlemen whose portraits were published in last week's *Sketch*, under the title of "The Duke of Abercorn's Pages," are all direct descendants of the venerable Duchess of Abercorn. Two of them acted as pages to Her Majesty at the Coronation, and the others attended the Dukes of Abercorn, Marlborough, Buccleuch, and Devonshire.



AN AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

Photograph by Talma, Melbourne.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

THREE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE OF "MICE AND MEN"—THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

UNDOUBTEDLY an important event of the week is the three hundredth performance of "Mice and Men," which promises to be one of the most successful specimens of legitimate drama produced for a long time. How many pieces it has already outlived, I can hardly say, but they may be counted by the dozen, and, indeed, there is nothing now running of non-musical drama that has anything like its age. Yet it would be absurd to pretend that it is possible to explain the popularity of the comedy by saying that it possesses higher quality than all those which it has outlived. The truth is, that its success, and that of others like it, shows a curious strain of Teutonic sentimentalism in our playgoers. "Isn't 'Mice and Men' quite too sweet?" said a lady gushingly to me the other day, and when I replied that it was, she called me a cynic—which shows that ladies do not always choose their words very nicely. "This taste for toffee, for the 'quite too sweet,' as well as the mania for anecdotage, is the bane of two arts in England. As drama, the public loves an anecdote on the stage; for pictures, it accepts anecdotes on canvas, and it wishes them to be sweet and pretty. To tell many persons that a picture is 'too pretty' shocks them: they do not seek for character on the stage, but only caricature, nor for character in a frame, but for mere prettiness of story. If you ask a man how he can bear, night after night, to sit opposite to a picture which necessarily keeps telling him the same old 'chestnut' anecdote, he is rather surprised and perplexed; but the truth probably is that, after looking at the picture half-a-dozen times, he has become bored unwittingly, and afterwards regards it as a mere piece of furniture: unknowingly, he acts wisely, since really there is nothing beneath the surface of his picture—except canvas—so you can exhaust it at a glance.

"Quality Street," like "Mice and Men," is an example of the sweet anecdote, and, since it is very clever, will, of course, also enjoy immense success, but it makes those truly interested in dramatic art feel rather pessimistic. The public seems to take the view of many so-called critics, that the chief function of the stage is to furnish an after-dinner entertainment for tired or lazy-minded people. If you tell them that a play is false to real life, they rout you by replying that that is the reason why they like it, that they see enough of real life in life, and go to the theatre for a glimpse of fairyland—such shoddy fairyland, too!—where the characters have a standard of conduct and manners and a mode of being of their own. This is unanswerable and deplorable, for it hampers our dramatists terribly. The taste for the anecdotal leads to the cult of the well-made play, with certain rules as to good construction, which result in the mechanical and artificial. Life is full of surprises, the stage is not; it has become a maxim that the audience must not be surprised. In a piece like "Mice and Men," almost everything can be guessed in advance by those who know the laws of the game. The dramatists have a kind of Procrustes' bed to which the characters must be fitted at any cost of individuality. If, in a play like "Sporting Simpson," the author were so audacious as to cause the hero suddenly to tell the truth and say to Molly, "I'm a mean liar and impostor and did not ride in the steeplechase," the audience would be staggered, and only another touch of the conventional would save the situation. I mean, the touch of causing the heroine to reply, "Your confession shows that you are noble-hearted, and so I love you," instead of remarking, as would be natural, that she is glad he has told the truth, but could not accept him as a husband.

The great trouble is that the Managers and authors are justified in thinking that the public prefers this sort of thing. Take the case of Captain Marshall. He wrote a clever, amusing, queer play, "His Excellency the Governor," in which the anecdote was trifling and the love-story frivolous; it was moderately successful. Then came "The Broad Way," a powerful, uneven, sincere work, containing much of real beauty; it was unsuccessful. After this appeared "A Royal Family," in which the author showed less originality and a keener knowledge of the public's taste for goodies. Next was "The Second in Command," an absolute triumph of treacle, a debauch of stage misunderstanding; and the success was gigantic. Compared with the other works of the author that I have mentioned, "The Second in Command" is deplorable; the touch of individuality, the sense of humour, the effort at real truth which distinguished them is barely discoverable in it, yet probably it earned more money than the others put together. Who can hope that, after this, the author of "The Broad Way" will assert himself again or be surprised that he is called the author of "There's Many a Slip"?

These remarks may seem hard upon Mrs. Ryley and her successful play, but she can afford to laugh at them. Three hundred performances

amount to many arguments in favour of her work, and she may adopt the attitude of Mr. Hall Caine, who, so it is alleged, asserts that the public will prove the error of the opinions of the critics and that good business will show that we were wrong in calling "The Eternal City" pretentious rubbish. No doubt, even the simplest member of the public will admit that immediate success is not absolute proof of merit, and that the critic's function is not that of box-office prophet or of adviser of entertainments to those in search of them.

The "Peter Simple" duel kind of warfare between the Lord Chamberlain, the County Council, and the Managers of London theatres is becoming quite interesting, even to one who, in a sense, cares comparatively little about their quarrel. To me the only important matter is that I should be comfortable and safe in the theatre, and I am little affected by the question how my comfort and safety are to be ensured. It is not easy for one who has suffered from disfigured programmes, uncomfortable seats, "beastly" bands, "stifling" theatres, draughty houses, and other needless miseries—to say nothing of atrocious entertainments—to be enthusiastically sympathetic with the London Managers as a body. Yet their present position between the Devil and the deep sea—and I understand that they think the "C" stands for Chamberlain—entitles them to some pity and consideration. Moreover, there is a ground for hope that the present quarrel may bring about a bigger change than is expected.

Theoretically, the Lord Chamberlain has charge of both what one may call the souls and bodies of the theatres—of their souls, since to him is entrusted their moral welfare, and their bodies, for he has the power of deciding their very existence. However, he has been gradually relinquishing his control over their bodies, because he has not had the means of dealing adequately with the questions of safety, and so has handed over this part of his function to the County Council, until, at last, the crucial state has been reached of his abdication of all control and the announcement that he will not grant licences to any Manager unprovided with a report in writing from the London County Council that his theatre is, in the opinion of the Council, "properly safe from danger from fire." Of course, the phraseology is absurd, since experience has shown that, practically speaking, no building is safe from fire. Probably it is a clumsy elliptical phrase, referring to the protection of playgoers from fire, and from, perhaps, the greater danger of their being crushed to death in a panic caused by an alarm of fire.

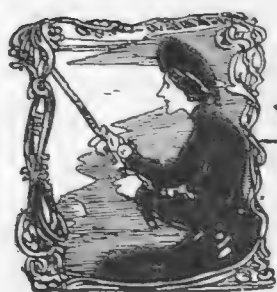
The Council, it appears, has in many cases merely recommended provisional three months' licences, an illogical course, which, to a lawyer, suggests delicious dreams of litigation concerning contracts. It is illogical because it suggests that the particular Managers are legally entitled to risk the lives of their patrons during three months and not longer. It would be comforting to think, when dying in a panic, that in a few more days the theatre would have been closed, anyhow, by the County Council! The backbone of the complaint is that one day the officers of the Council order some alteration in the theatre, and that a little later another officer requires an alteration of the alteration, and that subsequently a third official demands an alteration of the alteration of the alteration, and so on. For it appears that the officials, as a policy, adopt the idea embodied in the phrase, "Optima medicina est medicina non uti"—their policy is to have none. Of course, this state of things is unendurable, for, except the famous form of appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, the Managers seem to have no remedy.

To me, the most important aspect of the matter is that such a ridiculous state of things may lead to a drastic reformation. The Lord Chamberlain has abandoned his jurisdiction over the bodies on the ground of his incompetence, and his incompetence to deal with the souls is quite as obvious. It therefore seems possible that some body may be constituted to deal with the big question of the lives and morals of playgoers, and to deal with it in such a fashion that the Managers are not subject to unregulated caprices on questions of structure, and also that we are not rendered ridiculous by such things as the prohibition of "Monna Vanna" and the authorisation by the same official of the pieces of prurient trash which often disfigure our stage. At present the game is curiously even. The County Council apparently does its part of the work as badly as the Censor his, and it seems to pass the wit of man to devise any ideal substitute for the two, but almost anything would be preferable to the existing lack of system. Whatever is devised, the providing of some kind of appeal is clearly necessary if the controlling body is to be of a fluctuating character, so that there may be a continuing policy; it is better to have bad laws than none, and the present state seems chaos.



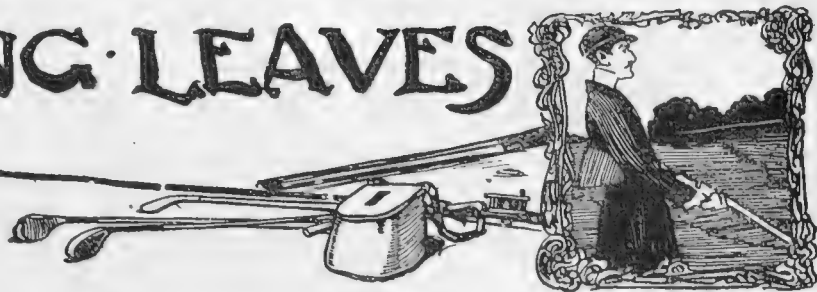
MISS HILDA MOODY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM: THE
DIARY OF:
AN ACTIVE
AUTUMN



VIII.—WHITE GROUSE AND BLUE HARES.

THE shepherd knocked at my door in manner that few doors would survive. I looked out over the brawling stream to the high hills that shut in the view; the morning was very fair. I had arrived on the previous day at this shepherd's cot-house in the heart of the hills, twenty miles from a railway-station, fifteen from a village, and forty from a town. A few anglers come here between June and September, but they are almost the only visitors; the place, wild, rugged, and inaccessible, is known to few save sheep-farmers, and I discovered it by merest accident. There are ptarmigan on the hilltops, I was told, and the blue hares that turn white in winter are to be found on the hillsides, too; so I waited on the barometer, and when it rose from the depths of change and moved to the region of set fair, I packed a few necessities and started off.

Shepherd and I breakfasted right royally on brose and a dish of trout I caught on the previous evening in front of the house, using for bait the maggots that infest the roots of the dock-plant. Kept in meal for twenty-four hours, these repulsive things seem to delight the trout and young salmon at seasons when the fly will not serve. Breakfast over, I gathered together gun and cartridges, game-bag, lunch, water-proof overall, field-glasses, and one or two other odds-and-ends, and, heavily laden, started out with my host, who had offered to show me a sheep-track to the highest hills. Up and up we climbed, until the rattle of the water over the stones became a faint murmur, the river itself a thread, and the cot-house an insignificant dot in the valley. The shepherd pointed to my way and took his own, which lay in another direction, and I continued to climb by a fairly easy track over a hillside innocent of heather. Half-wild sheep stared at me in alarm and bolted headlong; I envied them their ability to go over the dangerous ground at such a pace when one false step would have rolled them to the rock-strewn bottom a thousand feet below. I took particular care to look back as seldom as possible, and I returned, thanks to a village shoemaker, who put special spikes into my boots

and made my foothold secure in the most slippery places. Owing to long practice in climbing to the grouse, there was little physical trouble in connection with the ascent, and when, at last, the comparative level was reached, I was rewarded with such a view as seldom falls to a man in the British Isles.

The endless series of undulating hills spread out on every side to the limits of the eye, here and there a river or loch shining in the strong light which advanced over the hills in ardent pursuit of the shadows. The outlook was strangely impressive. Below, sheep fed on a score of hillsides, the nearest of the flock looking no bigger than a grouse; above my head, in the deep-blue vault, a raven went in slow-measured flight to the south. My field-glasses revealed two towns, one in the west and another rather south of it. Splendid as the unbroken view was the unbroken silence. There was absolutely no sound at all; even the flies, whose intolerable activity makes the lowlands lose some share of their attractiveness, were absent. If I was not monarch of anything I surveyed, I was, at least, alone in the view of it.



DIFFICULT PLACES TO NEGOTIATE.

Somewhere in his address on Friendship, Cicero says that, if a man climbed to a fine view, he would enjoy it to the full only if he could share the pleasure with a friend. That statement is not altogether correct. I felt as a traveller might feel when he looks for the first time at the land he has discovered, and then, on a sudden, I remembered I had come out to shoot and not to go into raptures over the scenery, magnificent though it might be.

So I started my walk amid the bare crags and scanty vegetation, keeping a sharp eye for the uncouth white birds that live amid these wild places and are so seldom disturbed. I felt quite at my ease, for they are readily shot when found in fine weather, and they travel in fairly big coveys; it is not necessary to stalk them or to lie in wait, or to exercise any special care. I wondered how the shepherd's wife would cook them—whether she had any of the recipes that make an ordinary dish twice as savoury as usual and are found now and again in remote Scotland.

I wondered then; I am wondering still. For, in the course of five long hours spent in tramping the highest ground, I saw no sign of fur or feather. Ptarmigan and blue hares were alike conspicuously absent, and I had to be content with the views as the reward for my climb. But, if I had never seen the wonderful panorama that embraced four counties of Scotland, the day and place would linger with me while memory lasts, for the descent of the hill was a blood-curdling affair that nothing save the stark necessity for getting down would have led me to undertake. Climbing up a steep hillside is one thing, getting down quite another. I could not help seeing the sheer fall, or hearing the stones that I dislodged clattering down the rock-strewn way; there were difficult places to negotiate, and I was burdened with a heavy gun and game-bag and cartridges. Treading carefully, sliding, going on hands and knees, testing every stone before I trusted it with my weight, I reached the lower hillside, where the foothold is comparatively secure and the track is beaten, with very little inclination to go climbing again.

"When did you last hear of ptarmigan being taken on these hill-tops?" I asked the shepherd, over the evening meal.

"'Twas in my father's time, about twenty or twenty-five years ago," he replied, quite unconcerned, speaking in a dialect I could not reproduce on paper; "nobody has looked for them since."

Had I thought to ask the question in the early morning, what a splendid day I might have had among the trout!



STARTED OUT WITH MY HOST.

THE NIGHTJAR:

A WEIRD BIRD MIGRANT WHO IS JUST LEAVING OUR SHORES.

AMONG the bird migrants who at this season of the year are leaving our island, one of the most interesting is the Nightjar, a creature of curious habits, about which many tales have been woven and on which several names have been bestowed, such as the "Goat-sucker," "Night-hawk," "Fern-owl," "Churn-owl," and "Eve-churr." The last of these is most appropriate, for the bird continues to utter the same note, "chur-r-r-r," by the hour; its object in doing this has never been discovered, for, owing to its nocturnal habits, it cannot be observed in the act of chanting, but anyone who has once heard the bird's weird note in the evening when the sun is sinking will always associate it with the dying day and twilight hours.

Many have heard the creature, but few have seen it, as it is a ventriloquist, and its whereabouts is most uncertain. In the daytime it



THE NIGHTJAR ON ITS EGGS.

hundred yards or more; and then, having achieved her purpose and attracted you away from her eggs or young, she floats easily over the bushes and drops a hundred yards away. If, instead of following, you look very closely round the place where you first flushed her, the eggs or young will be seen. Thus, I was able to find and photograph the specimens here depicted; the first, that of the eggs, was easily obtained, but to secure the parent bird was a work of time and patience. My camera was placed within six feet of the eggs, and near it, beneath a screen of bracken, which grew in plenty hereabout, I lay concealed awaiting the bird's return. Several times she hovered round, and at last approached the eggs, shuffling along the ground in curious fashion, and giving me a good opportunity to observe her varied markings of rich black and brown, the latter merging into yellow, and her beautiful large

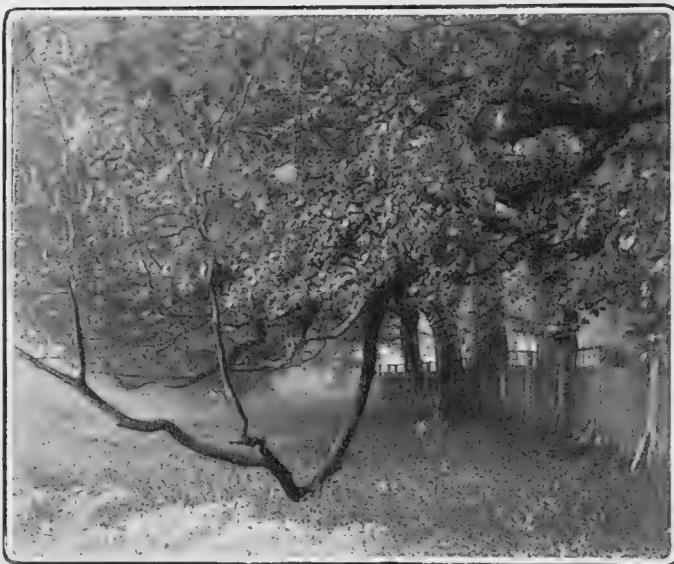


EGGS OF THE NIGHTJAR.



YOUNG NIGHTJARS.

is mute, and, unless disturbed, lies perfectly still, generally placing itself lengthwise on some branch, where so well does it assimilate with the colour and markings of the tree that it easily escapes detection. The exception to this is that, when in the act of incubation or brooding over its young, it squats on the ground, where the eggs are placed without anything in the shape of a nest. Yet here again the assimilative colouring is just as protective, for the eggs look like two oval stones, and they would most likely escape notice if we were not acquainted with the habits of the bird, whose antics when disturbed are most extraordinary. Fluttering through the bracken and furze, she rises and falls, exerting every art to draw one's attention to herself; her wings appear broken, and she drops as if exhausted within a few feet of the observer. Follow and try to seize her, and she will continue the same antics for a



THE HAUNT OF THE NIGHTJAR.

Photographs taken from Life by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

eyes, which for some time she kept fixed in my direction; but after a while, as I lay perfectly still, she turned broadside on, and I released the shutter, with the result shown. A week later, I found the two fluffy little youngsters depicted sitting side by side, and during the next fortnight I visited them several times, and, although the parent bird moved them from place to place, I always located them, until at last she concealed them in the thick furze or they took their flight.

The food of the Nightjar consists of insects, moths and beetles for preference, and in pursuit of these it exhibits great powers of flight and grace of movement. Wheeling round and round the trees in graceful curves, it will descend almost into one's face, and, whirling past, is visible for a moment with wings outstretched like a gigantic swallow and then disappears in the gathering gloom.

J. T. N.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME,

WHOSE NEW BOOK, "PAUL KELVER," PLACES HIM IN THE FRONT RANK
OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

THERE are few men who have had a more varied career than Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who used at one time to be "pigeon-holed as a humorist," as he once humorously expressed it himself, a position from which he has irrevocably broken away with the publication of "Paul Kever." That novel, which may be

better than the life of a clerk, even though he was entrusted with the management of the excursion department of the railway, which induced him to take to the stage, the technique of which he desired to study, in order that he might get a practical insight into dramatic work, for the sake of writing plays later on.

When Mr. Jerome came to the conclusion that he could not act, he took up free-lance journalism. He taught himself shorthand, and, as might be expected from one with such a delicious turn of humour, he determined to report inquests, subsequently adding fires and street accidents as his specialities. Having taken copious notes of the evidence at the inquest, he would rush to his rooms, transcribe his notes on to a dozen or more sheets of thin paper with the aid of carbon inter-leaves, and run round to the newspaper offices, leaving a copy at each, and subsequently receiving a penny a line for whatever was used. Far more lucrative, however, were the inquests on well-to-do people which the relatives desired should be kept out of the paper, and, for not offering his notes for sale, Mr. Jerome not infrequently made half-a-guinea per inquest—something like a fortune in those days.

For a time, too, he was a dramatic critic, a position he obtained by merely walking into the office of a certain paper which is still in existence, and offering certain notes to the Editor, who treated him with scant ceremony; but, looking up, he said, "Can you write dramatic criticism?" "I never have," the young journalist replied; "but I am sure I could, for I have been on the stage." "Very well, then," said the Editor; "take this ticket and go to the theatre to-night. I want a dramatic critic, and you can have the place." And dramatic critic he remained, at a salary of thirty shillings a-week, until that Editor left and a new Editor was appointed.

Then came the schoolmastering episode, in a private school in South London where there were a hundred boys, and among the pupils was Mr. Sydney Brough, the well-known actor. Teaching the young idea how to shoot did not, however, satisfy Mr. Jerome, who kept on writing, and soon after "On the Stage and Off" was written for *Home Chimes*, for which Mr. J. M. Barrie, who had just come to London, was also writing. It was a peculiarity of Mr. Barrie in those days to be absolutely silent while he was sitting, but as soon as he began to walk about he began to talk, and continued talking until he got so tired that he had to sit down again. It was Mr. Jerome who indirectly impersonated Fate and introduced Mr. Barrie to the lady who is now his wife. When "Walker, London," was going to be produced, the author wrote to Mr. Jerome to ask if he knew of a really charming girl who could really act. Miss Mary Ansell had been playing in Mr. Jerome's "Woodbarrow Farm," and he recommended her, with the happiest results to the play and to its author.

As a dramatist, the success of "Miss Hobbs," which was played for two years running in America, has given Mr. Jerome a great reputation, and it has been translated into Russian, Scandinavian, and German. His new play is to be first produced not in New York, but in Germany in the course of next month, and it will be subsequently seen in America as well as in England.



MR. JEROME K. JEROME AT HIS DESK.

described as being autobiographical in temperament and feeling, though not in incident, is undoubtedly the highest achievement of its author, though it is but the precursor of other studies of life.

Clerk, actor, journalist, schoolmaster, editor, playwright, theatrical manager, novelist, Mr. Jerome has lived the ideal life as he regards it, that ideal life consisting in having twice as much to do as he could, and he made an honest attempt to do it. Now, however, he has given up attempting to do the work of two or more men, and confines himself to play-making and novel-writing, to which he devotes the morning of his days, the afternoon being given up to sport of some kind—tennis or bicycling, riding or driving, with an occasional game of golf, though, happily for himself and the reading public, Mr. Jerome is still of an age at which he may contemplate the delights of that royal game with a wondering incredulity.

Having left all the other callings at which he has tried his hand severely alone, Mr. Jerome, as might be expected, believes that writing is the most attractive. For him, too, one of its greatest charms is that you can put your work in your pocket and "be independent of every living soul," as he was once heard to say—"even of the publishers," he averred, in answer to the exception taken by a bystander, for "there are so many of them." His determination to be a writer dates back from the time that he was about five, at which age he began writing a story, but the manuscript got lost and so it was never finished. At fifteen, in consequence of the necessity of earning his living, he was apprenticed to the North-Western Railway, though why he was apprenticed or to what he was apprenticed he never knew, and doesn't even know to-day. It was the feeling that anything was



"I PLAY BILLIARDS—RATHER BADLY."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XIX.—MR. JEROME K. JEROME.



"I AM VERY FOND OF HORSES. SO IS TOMMY."



"I ALSO PLAY CROQUET. SO DOES MY DAUGHTER ROWENA."



"ZANGWILL OFTEN STAYS WITH ME. THIS IS HIS STUDY."



"COME TO TOWN WITH YOU? NO, THANKS. I'VE BEEN THERE."

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

II.—WALL STREET AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"WALL STREET" means, in America, organised (very often, "Morganised") money. It is the home of the Trust and the "Corner." Wall Street is somewhat of a national institution, though New York City claims it as its own. "Deals" and "schemes"—colossal financial ventures—emanate from Wall Street as naturally as fashions from Paris.

Almost half the banking capital of the United States is in the Wall Street district, which embraces about ten city blocks, bisected by the narrow little thoroughfare which gives the district its name. Wall Street is so named because, in the very early days, a palisade, or wooden wall, ran along this street to repel the inroads of American Indians. In those days the city of New York (then New Amsterdam, belonging to the Dutch) did not extend above Wall Street. Now, Wall Street is at the very tail-end, so to speak, of Manhattan Island, the largest part of New York City being to the north of it.

In appearance, Wall Street looks like a deep cutting made in the centre of mountains, for on each side of the street tower great modern sky-scrapers, twenty-six and more storeys high. The street ends abruptly at Broadway, where Trinity Church—which George Washington attended—stands like a warning to the speculators and stockbrokers of "The Street," who think nothing of wrecking each other's lives and

the seat of a resigning member. A seat on the New York Stock Exchange was transferred last year for fifteen thousand pounds, and was supposed to be a bargain.

There are at present eleven hundred members of the Exchange. None but a regular member is ever permitted upon the floor of the Stock Exchange. The floor of the Exchange is an immense open space, like a ball-room. Here and there stand sign-posts and blackboards, on which are written stock quotations. At the western end of the room is a great blackboard with numbers on it. Each number means a member. When a certain member is desired, his number is written on the board, and, if he be on the floor mixing with the throng of howling operators, he detaches himself from the crowd and comes to the board.

The floor of the Exchange is divided by a railing, on one side of which are legitimate members, on the other the "Rail Birds," or brokers who pay twenty pounds per year for the privilege of being within the walls of the Exchange. "Rail Birds" pick up the crumbs from the tables of big stock operations.

Business begins in Wall Street and the Stock Exchange at ten o'clock in the morning. From half-past ten till three in the afternoon, except on Saturdays and Sundays, the Stock Exchange resembles the



NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE: BOYS WAITING UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK TO DELIVER QUOTATIONS.

Photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

fortunes. Sad to relate, occasionally the sound of a pistol-shot disturbs the silence of Trinity Church, for many a bold speculator has taken his own life in the Wall Street district rather than face the disgrace of having failed.

Wall Street is the home of the great bankers, speculators, and financial agents. It is the stamping-ground of the legitimate operator and the "bucket-shop" schemer. On the corner of Broad and Wall Streets is the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan and Co.; immediately opposite is the United States Sub-Treasury, where millions of pounds of gold (not pounds sterling, but actual weight) are stored and assayed; just back of Morgan's is the firm of Henry Clewes and Co., and within a stone's-throw are Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flager, and representatives of the Goulds, Vanderbilts, Astors, and other names famous in financial circles.

Across from Henry Clewes and Co. is Wall Street's most characteristic institution, the Stock Exchange, which is bound up with the interests of Wall Street, being the campus where the bulls and bears fight their famous battles and on which millionaires are made or unmade every minute. In seeing the Stock Exchange you see Wall Street.

The New York Stock Exchange came into existence in 1792 in front of an open space under a buttonwood-tree. On this space now stands a great building—No. 60, Wall Street. Twenty-seven moneyed men "got together," as they say in New York, and formed an organisation for legitimate selling and buying of stocks, bonds, and other securities.

In 1823, one could purchase a membership to this Exchange for five pounds. To-day, it is impossible to become a member save through direct inheritance, or else on payment of a fabulous sum for

scene of a battle. There are upwards of five hundred messenger-boys connected with the Exchange. Bulletins are issued every ten minutes to the various firms doing business with the Exchange.

Nearly every broker who does a large business is connected by special wire as well as telephone with some member of the Stock Exchange. In the basement of the Exchange are special machines for printing quotations. Of course, none but legitimate members receive these bulletins. The daily stock-transfers on the New York Exchange amount to two hundred thousand shares, but a large business is done outside the Exchange. In Broad Street, near the Exchange, during business hours great crowds may be seen actively engaged in selling and buying shares in the "open." These are known in New York as "kerbstone" brokers. Some of the largest stockbroking houses do business on the kerb.

When a new member appears on the Stock Exchange in New York, the brokers usually "christen" him. Hats are smashed and coats are torn. When a new broker took his seat on the Exchange last autumn, he wore a coat with the seams unsewed. When the brokers came to tear his garment from him, it came away, leaving another coat underneath. That also was attacked, and acted in like fashion. After that the victim was unmolested.

Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, in a measure, exercise a vast influence on the political history of America. During Presidential elections, money by the barrelful pours out in the interests of the Money candidate. Wall Street controls hundreds of newspapers and magazines, and the mind of the public is "trained" to see things through the eyes of the little, narrow street where millionaires swarm like bees.

W. B. NORTHROP.

NEW YORK—INSIDE OUT.

II.—WALL STREET AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.



WALL STREET, NEW YORK, THE HOME OF THE TRUST AND THE "CORNER."

Photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

COUNTESS VON ARNIM, authoress of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," is to visit America early in the New Year. Her husband, the "Man of Wrath," is going with her. "Elizabeth and her German Garden," that very slight but charming book, had a great circulation in the United States.

"The Confessions of a Wife," originally published in the *Century Magazine*, have been issued in England by Mr. Grant Richards. They are intended, apparently, to follow in the wake of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," and are full of sentiment. They are said to be written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the author of "The Gates Ajar," and certainly they are in her style. But Miss Phelps, who is a woman of undoubted genius, does much better when she follows her own vein. At the request of publishers and editors, she has embarked in various enterprises, including Bible novels, a Life of Christ, and such things. They have all been failures, though not one of them is without claims of genius. "The Confessions of a Wife," whoever wrote it, is a decided failure. There is something nauseous about its tone, though, of course, every vestige of what is called impropriety is excluded. In spite of this, it is a book that no one but a thorough and practised writer could have given us.

It is said that Count Tolstoi has instructed his family that, in the event of his death before he can arrange to leave Russia, they are to embalm the body and send the remains to Bukharest, where the funeral service can be conducted by a priest of the Orthodox Church. In fact, it is said that the Count desires to settle at Bukharest. If he should die on Russian soil, he could not, owing to his excommunication by the Holy Synod, be buried after Orthodox rites.

The new Campden Edition of Walt Whitman's works is pre-faced by a valuable Introduction prepared by Whitman's literary executors. It gives an attractive account of Whitman's personality. It is said of him that he never took and never allowed the least familiarities. He was unfailingly collected. He was the coolest man in any crowd. His triumphant manner carried him through the most difficult social passes. He gave right and left; he served with money and served with service; he had poorer relations with whom he shared his little. He was loyal to the bone—loyal to family and friends as well as to the people. When asked what he thought he had done by living, he replied, "I think I have got a foothold on which honestly to die. If I regret anything," he said, "it is, perhaps, that I have not said enough for the criminals and the outcasts."

There is a mass of Rosa Bonheur's correspondence that has never seen the light, and it is now being prepared for publication. It covers a period of over half-a-century, and is said to be characterised by a continual flow of humour, mingled with much that is noble, tender, and philosophical. It contains accounts of Rosa Bonheur's early travels in the fifties of the last century.

Dr. Barry, the well-known Roman Catholic critic, has prepared for the "Story of the Nations Series" a work on the Papal Monarchy, from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII. The course followed by Dr. Barry is neither that of a theologian nor that of an apologist.

He is concerned with the facts of history, not with inferences and deductions from them. Hence he is neither Catholic nor Protestant in dealing with phenomena, which he describes and interprets only in their relation to one another.

Messrs. McClure are to publish Mr. Crockett's new novel, "The Banner of Blue," this autumn, but it will not appear in this country until the spring.

Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, eldest grandson of Mr. M. H. Hodder, has been admitted partner in the firm of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Hodder Williams has acted for some years as Assistant-Editor of the *Bookman*, and has contributed largely to current criticism.

His specialty is French literature. He is now editing the new issue of the *Bookman Directory*, which professes to contain completer lists of authors, publishers, and booksellers than any work of the kind.

Mr. H. S. Scott, better known as Henry Seton Merriman, is married, and has built for himself a house in Suffolk, where he pretends he is going to settle down to a stout and respectable old age. Mr. Scott's sister-in-law, who writes under the name of S. G. Tallentyre, has done some admirable literary work, and she collaborated with Mr. Scott in at least one book.

I am delighted to hear that Sénancour's Biography of Obermann is to be published immediately. Mr. A. E. Waite is the translator. It is truly astonishing that this book has never been given in English, especially after the great success of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Amiel." o. o.

"FROM A THATCHED COTTAGE."
By ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.
(Constable, 6s.)

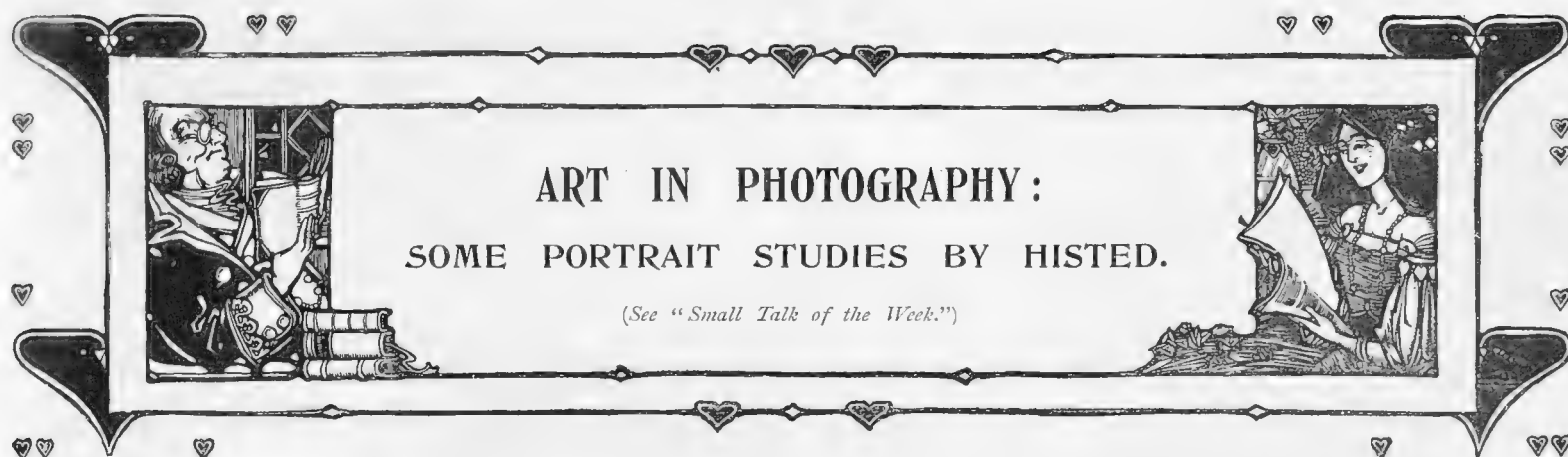
As may be gathered from the title, in this book one is bidden to look upon the life that flows—for the most part, smoothly—in an ordinary English country village. This subject has, apparently, the greatest fascination for novel-writers, and yet it is one which requires a masterly treatment to raise a story above the average. Although well-worn incidents, by means of skilful handling, can often be invested with new vitality, yet in this case the author fails to hold the

imagination, and the preponderance of unnecessary dialogue is not mitigated by the irritating amount of dialect. It is well known that funerals and everything concerned with them furnish a pleasurable excitement in the uneventful lives of villagers, and it may be that Patty Puddledock, the "layer-out," is true to nature, but one must confess to a certain distaste for the gruesomeness which characterises the frequent description of her ghoulish interest in the dead and dying.

The villain, the hero, and the gentle maid whom he ultimately wins, notwithstanding the deep-laid schemes of his enemy, form the centre figures of this story, as they have of so many others, and it is a question whether any of the characters are sufficiently "alive" to render their actions of much significance. While Miss Hayden is undoubtedly a faithful chronicler of quiet village-life such as she has probably herself witnessed, she lacks the touch-stone that would cause her to discard the unimportant, and the whole is, therefore, wanting in artistic emphasis.



KIND CARICATURES. II.—MR. JEROME K. JEROME.



"JESSICA."

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES BY HISTED.



MR. E. J. GREGORY, R.A.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES BY HISTED.



M. DE NEVERS.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME PORTRAIT STUDIES BY HISTED.



MISS ISABEL JAY

TWO NEW NOVELS—AND MR. KIPLING IN A PINAFORE.

"JUST SO STORIES."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

In the Jungle Books, Mr. Kipling fascinated children of larger and smaller growth and achieved something like a classic. Scarcely so much can be said for the collection of "Just So Stories" which are the latest fruit of his recent inactivity, for it must be remembered that a considerable time has elapsed since Mr. Kipling published anything worthy of his genius. But the matter and the manner improve as the pages go on, and with the advent of "Old Man Kangaroo," a wonderful dithyrambic, the book asserts its right to consideration. The idea of accounting for phenomena of natural history is not entirely new, as readers of Mr. Harry Neilson's "Whys and Other Whys" will remember, and Mr. Kipling has brought to the task a somewhat variable ingenuity. The story accounting for the camel's hump will deceive nobody, least of all those deepest of metaphysicians, children. So with the origin of the armadillo. But in "The Cat that Walked by Himself" the wizard recovers his wand, and he entirely convinces us that the cat's perquisite of milk and the fire, his strange aloofness, tempered by wonderful forbearance towards children, arose "just so." The extraordinary diplomacy where-with the prehistoric cat, who "walked by his wild lone waving his wild tail," ingratiated himself with a prehistoric cave-dwelling family is perfectly natural in its evolution, and for this relief from rather strained situations we owe Mr. Kipling much thanks. The other prehistoric peeps are 'stute (as the narrator would say in the curiously decapitated vocabulary of the book) and of cunning workmanship, but as reasons for eternal verities they lack something. "How the Alphabet was Made" commends itself more as a charming picture of camaraderie between father and daughter than as an account of the genesis of literature. Tegumai, the prehistoric Daddy, and little Taffimai—Taffy, for short—can have been drawn only from life. The interludes in verse are scarcely in the happiest vein, and the feature of the book is undoubtedly the illustrations, drawn by the author himself in a manner worthy of his parentage. The work, no doubt, was successful in the Kipling nursery, where it had an audience of specialists, but the publication of the private frolics of serious writers is a crucial experiment and one not lightly to be undertaken.

"ANNA OF THE FIVE TOWNS."

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

that there is a pathetic, even a tragic, side to such a condition. Anna Tellwright is the daughter of a niggard who, with a capital of fifty or sixty thousand pounds scraped together through years of parsimony, allows a sovereign a-week for housekeeping, a man who might even do a good action for money, and whose character is well described by his relation to religion: "He was not, in fact, much smitten with either the doctrinal or the spiritual side of Methodism. His chief interest lay in those fiscal schemes of organisation without whose aid no religious

"Anna of the Five Towns" is one long illustration of the truth of the bitter saying that woman's mission is submission. The cynic was prompted by a spirit of flippant humour, but Mr. Arnold Bennett's book amply shows

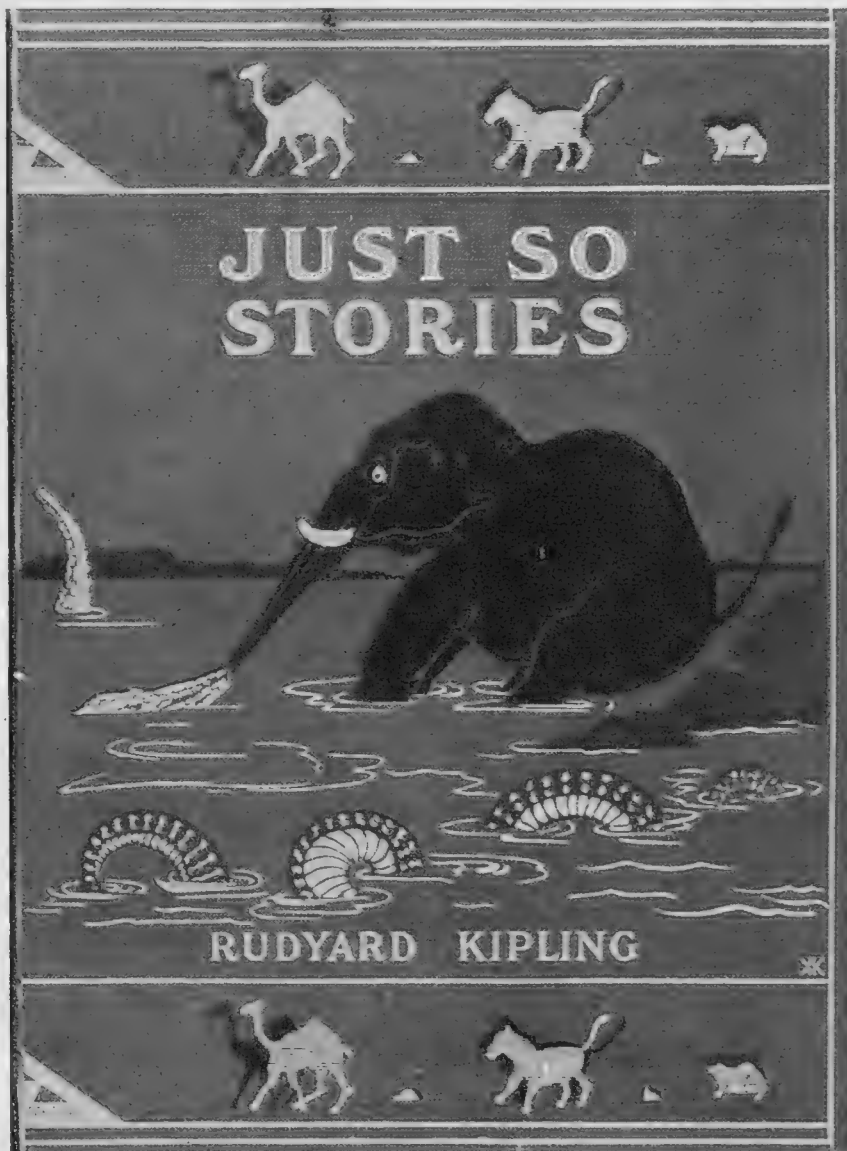
propaganda can possibly succeed. It was in the finance of salvation he rose supreme—the interminable alternation of debt-raising and new liability which provides a lasting excitement for Nonconformists. . . . To him the circuit was a 'going concern.'" Under such a father, Anna learns her lesson so thoroughly that when she comes of age and into possession of a fortune she proves the exception to the rule that illiberality of parents makes a child surfeit more when it comes to plenty, not daring even to draw a cheque for the small amount required to buy necessities for a holiday. So, too, her training causes her to marry a man, after it is revealed to her that she loves another, because she has given her promise. "Nothing else was possible. She who

had never failed in duty did not fail then. She who had always submitted and bowed the head, submitted and bowed the head then. . . . Facing the future calmly and genially, she took oath with herself to be a good wife to the man whom, with all his excellencies, she had never loved." Thus we have the prosaic pathos of the subservience of everything to money, the romantic pathos of marriage without love. Both Anna and her father are well conceived and admirably depicted, as, indeed, are, without exception, the other characters in the book. Of these, one of the most striking is Henry Mynors, whom the miser's daughter marries. Irritatingly immaculate and conscious of his own worth, he has more than a touch of the Pharisee in him. Belonging to that tiresome class of persons who never make a mistake, he is one of the least sympathetic figures in the story. It is impossible not to regret Anna's decision in keeping her promise to him, as much as one regrets that she did not earlier throw off the yoke placed about her neck by her miserly and merciless father.

A number of years have gone by since the name of the author of "Robbery Under Arms" became known; the publication of that eminently successful book was followed by other volumes from Mr. Boldrewood's prolific pen, dealing with various sides

"THE GHOST CAMP."
BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

of Australasian life, but even his admirers must admit that they were not of equal merit with the story by which he first attracted general attention. The latest addition to the list of his novels, "The Ghost Camp; or, The Avengers," is certainly "nothing like so good." Yet it is not without interest—particularly in places; like the curate's egg, it is good in parts. Not a little of the narrative is a trifle dull; still, there are chapters in the book full of point, incident, animated description, and vivid character-drawing, which are as excellent as anything this author has written. The whole is, no doubt, a true picture of certain marked aspects of life at the Antipodes, such as the Pastoralist life and life in the mining communities. The best thing in the book is that portion of it giving an account of silver-mining in Tasmania; quite evidently all this has been "observed," and it is described with vigour and certainty of touch. The love-interest in the story is not specially strong, but is sufficient to keep the narrative going, though not always briskly. The real value of the book lies in its accurate presentment of scenes and incidents fairly typical of life in the Australasian Colonies.



THE COVER OF MR. KIPLING'S NEW BOOK, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

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G. L. STAMPA

"We cannot look, nowever imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him."—CARLYLE.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



XIII.—THE DANCING GIRL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by Gunning King.

"I F'T be as 'ow any on 'em likes t' wark, let 'em wark, says I. I'm in me seventy-eight, an' wark every day o' sevin, bar the Lord's Day, and then I goes to pray four times an' preaches twiest." The speaker was a short, grey-haired, blue-eyed man, whose shaven face was tanned by the sun and lighted by a kindly smile. He was Benjamin Wild, of Maychester, carrier, general dealer, preacher to his brethren the Peculiar People, and member of the Waldron District Council. Walking slowly down the main corridor of the Waldron Union—a dreary wilderness of grey brick faced with red, that hid the failures of the countryside—he spoke very decisively, and the man he addressed was the Quaker Master of the Workhouse, another Landshire man, a small, thick-set person, with fierce eyes and a straggling beard grown haphazard over his face.

"Some on 'em 'as bin to me, Mister Wild, an' I let 'em goo," he replied; "but a few was wunnerful old, and I bid 'em bide."

"Ye did wrong, James Clarke," said the old man, as they came to the end of the corridor and passed into the light of the portico, where a small boy was watching the well-known cart and the nine-year-old pony whose pace never exceeded five miles an hour. "No man's too old for wark, an' i' these times o' men sarvin' th' King there's peas standin' unpick't at fifteenpence th' bag an' a might o' grass that'll never see th' 'ayrick. Well, fare thee well, friend," he added, mounting nimbly into the cart, and, with a word of thanks to the boy and of encouragement to the pony, the worthy Councillor started on his three hours' journey back to Maychester.

The Master of the Waldron Union was not the only man to hear Benjamin Wild lay down the law relating to work. The good man's pulpit tones, unconsciously assumed whenever a maxim had to be communicated, had reached the ears of Tod King, formerly ditcher, horseman, overseer, and farmer in various Landshire parishes, and now a pauper. For nine months he had been in the House, a silent, uncomplaining old man, whose body had been twisted and bent by the Landshire earth, whose limbs had been racked by rheumatism, whose sight was failing, and whose hearing left much to be desired from time to time. During the winter he had been glad to receive the comforts granted by the Union to "a man in his sixty-nine," but April and May had stirred his thin blood. Now that the country lay bathed in June sunshine and the roses were in full bloom on the wall of the Master's garden, he forgot the rheumatic pains, and his heart went out to the fields where he had worked so ably, so long, and to so small a purpose.

While looking out of the window in the corridor over the sunlit uplands where the grain was green, and wondering where his native village of Oakenshaw might be, Benjamin Wild's loud voice reached him, and, when he saw the Master returning towards the kitchen, he shuffled up to him and stood for a moment, hat in hand, seeking to collect his thoughts.

"Well, King, what be it?" said the Master, pausing for a moment. "Be aught amiss?"

"There be naught amiss," replied the old man; "but, Master, if ye'll gie me m' clothes in th' mornin', I'll be startin' for th' fields."

The Master laughed, loudly but not unkindly.

"Better stay in th' House," he said; "be as 'ow it's best for thee. Is it th' plough thee'll be handlin', mebbe, an' thee nigh thy seventy?"

"I'll be no new thing," urged the old man, doggedly; "fur fifty year I've done it. Over th' way"—he pointed vaguely in the supposed direction of his native village—"they'll be pickin' th' peas an' cutting th' grass, an' I can goo bi th' day to th' Maylan's farm. It's my cousin's son warks it. If ye'll gie me th' clothes, Master, I'll go i' th' mornin'."

The Master hesitated a moment, not a little amused by the old man's request. But Benjamin Wild's advice was in his ears.

"Well," he said, slowly, "go an' prosper. I'll give order for clothes," and then he hurried away to his work.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky, larks filled the air with music, bees and butterflies played and worked among the brightly coloured roses, geraniums, peonies, and sweet-peas in the Master's garden when Tod King left the Waldron Union. His heart was light though his pocket was empty. One of his companions, a man nearing his eightieth year, whose powers of digesting the Union rations were almost exhausted, had saved and secreted a large piece of bread and had presented it to King as a parting gift, so he felt no anxiety about dinner. It was not yet half-past six; the shops in Waldron High Street

were closed, though the labourers' cottages had long sent their occupants to the land. All who could work were wanted in the pea-fields, where labour was scarce. As he left the High Street, with its red-tiled, century-old shops and dwelling-houses, and turned away from the river towards the open country, the "looker," or overseer, of Wymote Farm passed on horseback. The old man touched his hat, and the "looker" checked his horse and turned in his saddle.

"Be'st lookin' for a job, man?" he said. "If so, there be plenty o' wark in th' foorteen-acre."

"I've a job o'er in Oke'shaw, thank ye," responded King; and the overseer, wasting no more words, rode on hastily to call on the Master of the Union and see if he could find recruits, for there were sixty acres of peas spoiling for the pickers on Wymote's, and less than forty folk at work—men, women, and children all told.

Tod King marched down the lane well pleased, though his story about a job was not true. He dreaded work among men and women who would know he was from the workhouse close at hand. Where he was going none would know him, and his pride would suffer no shock from the thoughtless remarks of men who had yet to realise that the end of their working days held nothing better than the Union in store.

The fresh air, his regained liberty, the prospects of employment were meat and drink to the man, and in little more than two hours he had covered the four miles between him and his goal, a red-tiled farm-house, creeper-covered and of prosperous aspect, standing on a spur of the East Landshire hills. He opened the outer gate and walked slowly up the chase to where another white gate opened upon the vegetable-garden. As he reached it, a retriever sprang to the length of its chain, barking lustily, and a harsh-faced woman, with the sleeves of her white blouse rolled up to her elbows, came to the kitchen-door.

"I've nothing for ye," she cried; "an' if ye doan't go, I'll loose th' dog at ye!"

"I've come fr' Waldron to see Master John Wiseman," faltered the old man.

"Dead this four month," said the woman, briefly, coming nearer to the garden-gate as she saw that the visitor was not a dangerous tramp.

Tod King felt his heart sinking.

"Is there any pickin' on th' land, Ma'am?" he asked.

"A bit down in the eight-acre by th' lane," replied the woman, and, with a word of thanks, he returned to the outer gate on his way to the spot indicated. Decidedly it was a very hot day, though not yet half-past nine.

At the far end of the elm-shaded lane, a low stile led to the eight-acre field of peas. The place was white with sun-bonnets. Women "with labour-loosened knees" were busily stripping the plants, aided by the children. On the shady side, under the honeysuckled hedge, coats, jackets, red handkerchiefs holding the family dinner, and bottles of beer or cold tea, were ranged at random; and the very small children, too old to be left at home and too young to work, crawled about at will. By the side of the workers were long, coarse sacks. For filling these the price paid was fifteenpence, and a hard worker, aided by children, could fill three in a day that began and ended with the light.

By the corner of the field where the sacks were taken and checked for the waggons, a short, stout man, in a staring suit, stood smoking a cigar, and to him King applied for permission to work.

"Work away, old 'un," replied the man, agent of the town firm that had bought the pea crop as it stood; "the more the merrier, though I don't suppose you're worth much."

King picked up a sack and moved off. There was little shade in the field, and the best places had been taken by the first-comers, so the old man had to go where the light was strongest. The day was now growing hot, and his fingers travelled clumsily among the peas for a short quarter-of-an-hour, when he was obliged to pause and mop his face with his handkerchief. Close by, a pleasant-looking woman of ample proportions, whose face flamed from exertion, found time to notice the new-comer's age and condition. By her side, two little boys and three girls had worked with such goodwill that one sack had already been filled.

"Dick," she said to the younger boy, "get my bonnet fr' th' line in th' garden; sharp, I tellee."

The youngster hurried off to a cottage two short fields away, while the mother shouted after him—

"An' bring some o' the biggest cabbage-leaves fr' the garden, too!"

In five minutes he had returned, panting, with a white sun-bonnet and the leaves required. Then the woman stepped over to King.

"It's a shame for a man o' years to be working i' that hot fur cap," she said; "I'll lend ye this." So saying, she took off his cap and replaced it with the sun-bonnet. Tod King mumbled vague and wondering thanks.

Slowly the stalks yielded their produce to the feeble fingers, yet the bag remained limp and gave little sign of the work done. Happily, a breeze wandered across the field, and soon after eleven o'clock pause was made for refreshment. The workers hurried to the hedge and took up their tin bottles. Three or four thirsty children were despatched to the "Wheatsheaf," half-a-mile away, to fetch more beer, and were instructed to lose no time by the way. Tod King worked on. He felt no fatigue, though he was sorely thirsty; but, conscious

"Have ye any dinner?" she said, abruptly.

The old man nodded and drew the crust from his pocket.

"Aye," he said, bravely. "Do ye want summat for th' little 'uns?"

"No, no, man!" cried Mrs. West, confused and discomforted. "Come ower to th' corner and I'll gie thee a mite o' cheese and a sup o' my beer. Ye 'adn't ought t' be out i' this wark 't your time o' day. Ha' ye no folk to tend thee?"

"I'm not doin' ill," he said, limping feebly after her to the hedge. "I've done a might o' pickin' in m' time."

She found a seat for him under the hedge; he ate and drank, and then fell asleep, so soundly that the cries of the children never broke upon his dreamless rest, and he heard no word of the half-dozen chattering sympathisers who came up to Mrs. West and agreed, in their rough-and-ready way, that it was "wunnerful crewel" for so old a man to be in that place.



"It's a shame for a man o' years to be working i' that hot fur cap," she said; "I'll lend ye this."

"THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK."

that he had nothing to drink, he decided to wait until the children returned to his side, when he could ask the way to the pump.

"Muvver sez, will ye like a drink o' cold tea?"

He looked round; the little boy who had fetched the sun-bonnet was standing there, can in hand. The tea was delicious—cold, strong, and liberally sweetened; he drank long and greedily, returning the empty can with a sigh. Then he worked on, while the pickers rested—worked until the bottom of the long sack bulged unmistakably, until the labour around him was in full swing again, and Mrs. West, his friend of the morning, had asked him many questions, to which he returned monosyllabic answers.

Noon came, the breeze died away; in the full glare of the sun even the larks hushed their song. Work was slackening now, and one by one the pickers sought the shade. Mrs. West looked anxiously at her five children, as though to calculate their appetites, hesitated a moment, and then walked up to Tod King, one-quarter of whose sack was full.

They went back to work without disturbing him, and it was nearly four when he awoke and shuffled back to his sack, with a shamed face. He worked steadily enough for two hours or more, until his sack was two parts full and all power of work had left him.

Mrs. West finished her third sack and completed the day's work for herself and family. Then, with another of the kind impulses that came to her so often, she and her little ones completed the old man's task and dragged the sack for him to the check-table at the end of the field. The sack was passed, and Tod King received his fifteen-pence, while Mrs. West slipped away to avoid thanks.

At the general store of Oakenshaw, which supplies all the needs of the half-hundred people living in the village, Tod King purchased a small loaf, some cheese, half-a-pint of hot tea, and a penny packet of tobacco. He supped and smoked by the stile leading into the pea-field.

A cuckoo called from the bush by his side; mavis, blackbird, and woodlark welcomed the twilight and the night, and when sunset and

after-glow had gone and the cool breeze freshened, the old man re-entered the field, and, having heaped two or three forgotten sacks, made the best bed he could under the hedge. He slept until the birds greeted the sunrise.

The remnants of supper provided a frugal breakfast, and he commenced to work on plants drenched with dew. Before the first-comers reached the field he had made some headway, and he worked on until the field was completely cleared, when his bag, three parts full, was valued at a shilling. A fair meal left him with eighteenpence in pocket. Mrs. West took her cap again, but cut and stripped a stout ash stick to help him on the way. So, well content, he left Maylands and started out in search of further work, with the breeze behind him. He tramped steadily, covering nearly two miles an hour, only pausing now and again to ask about a job. Unfortunately, the bulk of the pea-picking was over.

Evening found him six miles from Maylands, footsore, cold, and hungry. Sixpence from his scanty store provided a meal, and a haystack by the roadside seemed destined to supply a bed, but, ere his weary limbs had ceased to ache, a shepherd from a neighbouring cottage came up and warned off the tramp with many foul words and threats. Tod King limped away until he reached a field where the grass had been cut and the young rabbits were playing. A few ran away; the rest sat up with pointed ears and stared for a moment, and then, as though conscious that the new-comer would do them no harm, resumed their game. The tired man made his bed under the hedge, where he was sheltered from the wind, but it was long before he slept. The summer night kept the birds awake; a rabbit screamed as a stoat pursued it; a fox called to a vixen across the fields; a barn-owl sailed heavily over the hedge to search for mice in the nearest stack. These sounds and sights were familiar. There were others he had never known before: the passing of strange night-birds through the air; long cries from ditch, hedge, and spinney, as though the Ishmaels of fur and feather were telling their troubles. When at last he fell asleep, it was to encounter strange dreams, and he woke soon after daylight, stiff, tired, and dejected. With failing strength, he faced the high-road and reached a wayside inn, where he sat on a bench in front of the door for more than an hour before the landlord was astir. Coffee and bread made his breakfast, but there was sixpence only left when the reckoning was paid. He got directions from the landlord and started off to a farm a mile or more away where the pea-picking was still unfinished. Unfortunately, he took the wrong road, and discovered the mistake only when the morning was hot and he had reached the top of the hill where he had hoped to find the desired fields.

A sense of utter helplessness seized him. He was suddenly conscious that his strength was failing, and that work, even though it came within his reach, would soon be beyond his power. He scanned the country carefully, and then, for the first time, recognised the village of Maychester, with its big church, the houses scattered below the hill, and the wind-mill on the far side by the river. It was not more than a mile away, and, if he went there, the parish overseer might direct him—might, indeed, find him work. Once more he braved the white, dusty road, stopping only at a cottage to ask for some water, plodding on until, at last, the cottages grew more frequent, a few shops straggled into view, and the High Street was reached.

And now the day's work was nearly done. The pavement seemed to sway and the houses to bow down; there was a heavy crash, and Tod King knew no more until he found himself lying in the straw in the butcher's shop, the centre of a small crowd that included the chemist and, strangely enough, the Maychester policeman.

"What be wrong?" he mumbled, rising to his feet, though the effort made him feel giddy and sick.

"'Ad a fit, I think it likely," said the butcher.

"No, no," said the chemist; "that is not quite accurate. He has *defectis animæ*—otherwise, syncope; debility is the cause. He should have been allowed to retain the natural horizontal posture."

The chemist was a young man with a local reputation to make; the policeman was of middle age with a reputation to maintain. He produced a note-book, and entered into competition with the multi-syllabled chemist, assuming the air of a Judge deliberating on sentence.

"Name?" he demanded, sternly. "Age, parish, occupation?" And, when all these particulars were given, righteous indignation shook him from head to foot.

"I'll see Mister Bates, th' Overseer," he cried, harshly, "an' back thee'll goo to th' 'ouse. An' be grateful if I doan't lock thee oop for creatin' a disturbance in the streets. Th' 'ouse is for the likes o' thee, and not trampin' an' fallin' about th' roads. Be off wi' ye to station, an' I'll send th' Overseer when he's ready t' coom."

Tod King found no words to reply, and the rest of the company was too impressed by the majesty of the law to venture a word on the old man's behalf.

Tod King limped down the High Street, feeling unaccustomed pains that soon left him with the feeling that he was merely a casual spectator of the tragi-comedy of life. His thoughts were rambling, and he soon gave up the painful effort needed to control them.

He reached the sleepy station. The porter on duty looked out of the box he shared with train-lamps and a miscellaneous collection of pails and brooms.

"Nothin' f' three hours," he said, but the old man took no

notice and sat down on the hard bench facing the metals. The porter felt interested.

"Where do 'e come from?" he said, and the tired traveller's lips tried to form a reply and failed in the attempt.

The porter's interest subsided; he returned to the contemplation of a paper that some passenger had left in the train a few days before, and a slow hour passed, bringing the Overseer of Maychester—sleek and self-sufficient, with protruding waistcoat and receding chin—in its last minutes.

Mr. Bates was angry—he had arranged to drive out with his wife and children, and the policeman had caused a delay by asking him to go to the station. His wife had given him as much of her mind as she could spare, being more concerned with effects than their causes, and he smarted under the sense of unjust usage.

"Where be th' vagabone?" he demanded; and the porter, judging that Tod King must be he, pointed him out and followed to see the fun.

"Now, you!" shouted the irate official, "who are you, an' where from?"

Tod King made a lamentable effort to stand up. He failed half-way.

"Seems kinder sick," suggested the porter.

"Stuff an' nonsense!" responded the Overseer. "Drunk, belike. What's th' Union for, I'd like to know; what's 'e want runnin' all over th' land? Just idlin' an' drinkin' an' beggin', an old scoundrel if ever I seed one. Do 'un good for to tramp back where 'e cum from!"

"Best gie 'un a ticket," hazarded the porter. "'E's wunnerful mazed like."

"Yes, I'll gie 'un one," said the Overseer; "an' I'll ask th' Boord to make complaint o' th' Workus Master."

He arranged for the pauper's ticket to Market Waldron Station and hurried off. The porter was a young man, and scoundrels of the Tod King type had never come in his way before. He remained unappalled by the spectacle of aged vice straying from the Union in search of work; he even felt some pity for a man whose greatest offence was that he did not know when he was beaten. He also doubted the Overseer's drink theory and believed that the pauper was ill.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, he walked smartly to the "Traveller's Friend" and bought some beer. When he got back to the station, the misguided pauper was swaying from side to side and breathing heavily. The porter tasted the ale; it was very good.

"'Ere, old 'un," he said, sitting down by his side, "tak' a sup o' beer." Tod King was roused by the welcome words; his claw-like fingers grasped the can, and, aided by the porter, he drank some of the contents.

In another hour the train arrived.

"Coom on," said the porter in the old man's ear, and led him, unresisting, to a third-class carriage.

"Keep y'r eye on th' old 'un, Jim," he said to the guard; "for Mark't W'ldr'n; strayed out 'er th' 'ouse, pore ole beggar."

"Aye, I'll see 'un out," replied the guard, carelessly; and the train started on the journey of eighteen miles.

The rail passed through some of the fairest Landshire country; fields of corn whose green had yet to turn to gold came right up to the track; haymakers were happily busy in the grass-fields, the sights and sounds and scents of English summer were everywhere.

The old pauper was very busy, too, though, to all outward seeming, he was huddled up in a corner of the carriage gasping for breath. A panorama of his past life was passing before him rapidly yet clearly, and many forgotten incidents re-enacted themselves before his half-closed eyes. At first, he was a boy again, living in the three-roomed cottage on the marsh, where his mother—a kindly woman, despite a sharp tongue, a heavy hand, and a lust for endless work—brought him up with seven brothers and sisters on her husband's wage of nine shillings a-week. He saw himself scaring rooks for a wage of three-pence a-day in the intervals of school life. Then came the descent upon the land, that was to be his lifelong master, at the age of ten. He was a ditcher, he was a horseman, and he saved money where many would have starved. He was in love with Ruth Wade, who jilted him for a red-coat. (For some few seconds she was sitting by his side, and he was not surprised, though she had been dead twenty years.) Then he was a "looker," and he treated his workers as he himself had been treated; and, always, he pinched and squeezed and starved to fulfil his life's ambition—to hire Well Farm, with its fifty acres of fertile land, on the marsh by the sea-wall.

Not until he was sixty years of age had he succeeded, and then the day came when he went to the agent and signed the papers and hired two men to work as he had worked. He joined his men in the fields at daylight and laboured till the light was gone. (He was cutting the hay a moment since.) It was hard labour and unrelenting; there were expenses he had not foreseen, but he paid his way until the year of the great gale, when a nor'-wester broke down the wall and the sea came in and swallowed the fruits of his life's labour.

He could see the waves now—huge, grey-white crested monsters born of such a storm as that generation had never seen—pouring over the broken wall, engulfing the land that had just been ploughed, dressed, and sown. That was the end of his career as a farmer. He had gone back to the ranks of the labourers, and now—now he suddenly saw that the water was rising again, the gale was breaking, the waves were threatening his sea-wall. He put out trembling hands to ward them off and fell heavily to the floor of the carriage.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ALTHOUGH the theatrical season has promised well up to now, yet already there are indications of sundry changes being imminent. For example, Mr. Tree, although he is doing (as I gather) big business at His Majesty's with Mr. Hall Caine's much-debated drama, "The Eternal City," is even now preparing two Shaksperian plays, one of which he will select for his next grand production.

As I notified *Sketch* readers long ago, Mr. Tree will select for this next Shaksperian production either "Richard the Second" or "Othello, the Moor of Venice." At the moment of writing, Mr. Tree (who is not altogether unused to oscillation on these points) seemed to lean rather to "Othello." In this greatest of all domestic dramas, Mr. Tree seems to fancy, at the moment of writing, the character of Iago. I shall not be surprised, however, if this versatile actor should anon elect to play the characters of Othello and Iago alternately, even as Irving and Booth were wont to do at the Lyceum.

And, even before Irving and Booth went in for this kind of alternation of parts, there were others who alternated in like manner. I have myself, for example, often seen the late Samuel Phelps enact, at Old Drury, Othello on Monday, Iago on Tuesday, Hotspur on Wednesday, Falstaff on Thursday, Macbeth on Friday, and Macduff on Saturday, with, haply, some powerful two or three Act domestic drama just to wind up the dramatic week withal.

But whether Mr. Beerbohm Tree may or may not adopt this alternating policy so often utilised by certain great actors of the past, certain it is that he will, as of yore, seek to impart due contrast to his impersonations, whether his choice fall upon the second Richard or Othello or Iago.

Speaking of grand Shaksperian revivals, Mr. George Alexander tells me at the moment of going to press that he may, when "If I were King" finishes its run at the St. James's, put on "Romeo and Juliet."

When Mr. Alexander puts on "Romeo and Juliet," he will, of course, play the hapless young Montague. He tells me that he has not yet selected his Juliet, but he assures me that it will be the very best Juliet he can find.

After this projected revival of "Romeo and Juliet" as his next best Shaksperian revival, Mr. Alexander will, he tells me, put on a modern—a very modern—play. This will be either "The Schemers," by Mr. R. S. Hichens, or a new comedy written by Messrs. Richard Pryce and Clive Fenn and entitled "From Saturday to Monday."

Some plays have quite a history before they come to be produced. The early comedies of the late Tom Robertson were refused over and over again until his sympathetic friend, the late Henry J. Byron, prevailed upon the Bancrofts to try one of these pieces, and, indeed, gave up his own chances at their theatre to get Robertson an opening. "The Professor's Love-Story," by J. M. Barrie, was refused by Sir Henry Irving, George Alexander, and John Hare before Mr. Willard took it. George R. Sims's "Lights o' London" was declined by seventeen or eighteen Managers before it eventually reached Mr. Wilson Barrett, and "A Message from Mars" was refused by all sorts of Managers and by Mr. Charles Hawtrey three times until he anon produced it. One of the plays that has not exactly been refused but has been several times contemplated for production by various Managers is Mr. H. V. Esmond's new piece, "My Lady Virtue," which Mr. Arthur Bouchier will produce at the Garrick next Monday—if present arrangements hold. "My Lady Virtue" has on several occasions been "underlined" by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, but he had to keep postponing it, and eventually Mr. Esmond took it back.

It seems to be the general impression that the dramatisation of Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Light that Failed," will be the first adaptation thereof yet produced. This is not strictly accurate. A short dramatisation (by Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, if I remember rightly) was produced a few years ago at the Royalty.

I am assured that Sir Charles Wyndham will not call his next new theatre the New Lyceum. I did not, for my part, ever think that he would do anything so silly. Sir Charles will, for the nonce, retain the name I long ago announced in *The Sketch*—that is, the New Theatre. I hope, however, that he will yet find a more distinctive name than that. For, of course, that name will become less and less appropriate every day.

The new Tunbridge Wells Theatre was duly opened a few days ago under the direction of Messrs. Fred Mouillot and Wilton Dale. It is indeed a beautiful building, and the distinguished amateurs who assisted at the opening function worked loyally and well.

To-morrow (Thursday), if present arrangements hold good, the long-promised "Captain Kettle" drama will be produced at the Adelphi with a powerful cast.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new play, "Eleanor," which was to have been produced at the first of a series of Court Theatre matinées next Monday, has now been postponed until the 30th inst.

Two very charming pianoforte-pieces by Ireny Andrews have arrived from Paris (Léon Grus). One is entitled "Csardás," the other "Rêverie." In these days, when songs and pianoforte-pieces more or less spring up before you as you walk, very much as the stones which Deucalion threw over his shoulder became human beings, compositions that are quite musicianly should be received with a special little warmth of welcome. Both these pieces show quite a singular intimacy with the spirit of the pianoforte; they are graceful, and, without being in the least obvious, are, even at a first acquaintance, very agreeable, both in melody and in form.



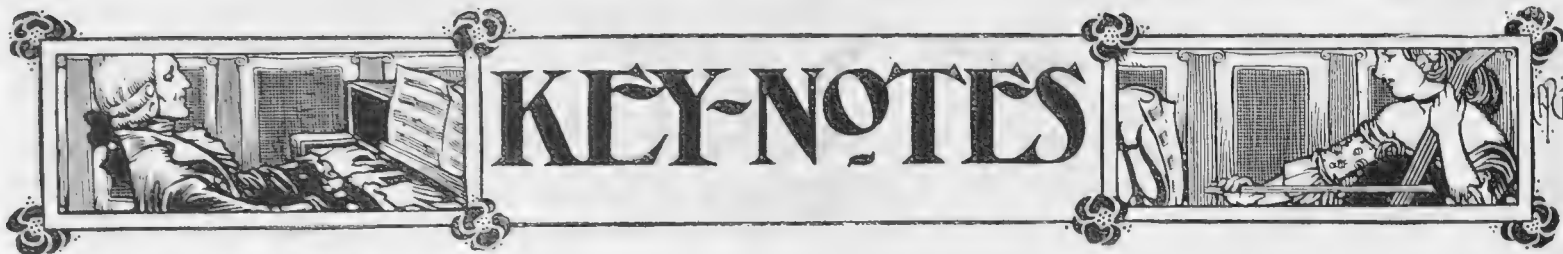
A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



MISS MAIE SAQUI, OF THE GAIETY.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE ST. JAMES'S HALL, having really been transformed into a thing of beauty, may now be expected to provide musical joys for ever. The new decorations are really in every respect admirable; the general scheme of colour is dominated by a deep and rich red, and the creature comforts of the audience are now looked after with a completeness that in the old condition of things was very much unknown. There is no need to make any invidious comparisons between the St. James's and the Queen's Hall; let us rather be pleased that the former has ranged itself abreast of these exciting times and that the old reproaches that were so persistent have been wiped out.

It was at the St. James's Hall that Madame Alice Gomez gave her Farewell Concert a day or two ago, previous to her sailing for India. Madame Gomez holds a very personal sort of position in the concert world. Gifted with a rich and singularly sweet quality of voice, she seldom seems to aspire to the interpretation of more than the very ordinary drawing-room ballad. Perhaps she knows that this is quite sufficient for the public which she desires to attract, but a man may still, in his quiet way, wonder why it is that her ambitions are apparently so limited. She was assisted in her concert by Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Louise Dale, Mr. Ben Davies, and others. Mr. Landon Ronald and Mr. Henry Bird were the accompanists, and Mr. Johannes Wolff discoursed sentimentally upon the violin. It should be added that a large audience showed every sign of enthusiasm, and was avid for encores, which were granted lavishly enough.

The regrettable fact of Mr. Henry Wood's illness has, during the past few days, brought Mr. Arthur Payne prominently forward as the temporary conductor of the Queen's Hall orchestra. The band is so perfect an instrument to work upon that Mr. Payne's task can scarcely be described as a very difficult one; but he has done his work conscientiously and well, oddly enough in his manner reminding one very forcibly at times of Mr. Wood himself.

If it be true, as one has been informed, that Mr. Wood is suffering from the strain of overwork, he should be entreated to give himself a thorough and complete rest. The emotion of energy is one which every man thinks he has strength enough to indulge in, but Mr. Henry Wood's energy positively amounts to a passion. To conduct a choir,

let us say, at Wolverhampton, to fly up to London from thence for purposes of rehearsal, to conduct nightly at the Queen's Hall, with a dash down to Sheffield, as a sort of interlude, for a long and important Festival—this is the sort of programme which Mr. Henry Wood seems to regard as the most ordinary procedure in the world.

The clashing of the Bristol with the Cardiff Festival is likely to produce a good deal of sore feeling before the matter is forgotten and packed away into the limbo of history. The Bristol Committee has issued a general statement as to its own Festival, which does not exactly seem to err on the side of generosity to Cardiff. The fact appears to be that most of us in the critical world, having to choose between one town or the other, happened to select Cardiff as the field for the week's work, a fact which does not seem to have particularly pleased the good musicians of Bristol. Cardiff, however, is so confident of the righteousness of its cause, and brings such an array of dates to prove that the time appointed for its own Festival was chosen before Bristol had taken any definite steps in the same respect, that it is, perhaps, not surprising that the critical world fixed upon Cardiff for its headquarters during the week. Anyway, to avoid in the future any such clashing, the next Festival of the latter town will take place in 1904, while it may be presumed that the Bristol Festival will occur the year after. In spite of all rivalry, however, Bristol is able to show extremely good results, both from the artistic and from the money-making point of view. The matter may, perhaps, be accordingly allowed to rest there.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, A MUSICAL-COMEDY FAVOURITE NOW APPEARING IN "THE TOREADOR."

Photograph by Lottie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

Mr. Baughan is both a musician in taste and a scholar in writing. If he has been known to belong to the more fastidious school of criticism than to that more jovial coterie which thinks that everything musical is entitled to praise merely because it happens to be musical, that is all in his favour. Mr. Baughan's work is well known to those who have followed his career, but it has, perhaps, not reached the wider public that reads as it runs. In future, Mr. Baughan will number his readers by the thousand, and it is not probable that he will please his future audience any less than he has in the past pleased the few who have been intimate with his work.

COMMON CHORD.



Fancy Weights—The Reliability Medals—Oiled Roads—Unkindly Lights.

SINCE the original publication of the marks earned by the cars competing in the recent reliability trials, the judges have not only corrected omissions and rectified errors, but decided to make an essential alteration in the formula on which the marks given in one of the sub-divisions were calculated. In Division No. 6, marks were given on the proportion of the horse-power of a car to its weight; but, after the totals had been published, they have suffered alterations through a change in the meaning of the word "weight." The first test was based on the weight of the car, unladen. The revised list was calculated on the weight of each loaded car, less 161 lb. for each passenger carried. Thus, a car which had been occupied by four light people would still have 46 stone deducted from its loaded weight to arrive at the nominal weight of the supposedly empty car, and only those cars whose passengers weighed exactly 11½ st. each, or whose weights averaged that exactly, would receive the same marks in the revised as in the original method of awarding them.

Most cars lost on their gross total by this amendment, but there were a few that gained. The system put the top score of the gold-medal Humber cycle still higher, and further emphasised the necessity for classing cycles and estimating their performances in a separate category from cars. The rearrangement put the 15 horse-power Panhard above the 10 horse-power Peugeot in the general poll, and gave it first place among all cars, though each of them secured a gold medal in its class. The modification affected the order in only one class, the 10 horse-power Wolseley being elevated to the first place in the class for £400 cars. Eight gold medals have been awarded altogether, the other five recipients being the 20 horse-power Wolseley, the 8 horse-power "M. M. C." voiturette, the 20 horse-power Pascal (belonging to Baron Henri de Rothschild, who runs an automobile business of which the profits are devoted to charity), and the 5½ horse-power Locomobile steam-car. Ten silver medals are awarded, to the second in each class or the first when the class was not sufficiently well represented to deserve the premier distinction. Eighteen medal-winners among forty-nine finishers form a substantial prize list. The Automobile Club will have to institute a championship medal as well as give away these hosts of standard medals if its awards are to become coveted distinctions.

Between Farnborough and Aldershot the oiled road is attracting a large measure of favourable attention. Thanks to the liberality of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, who provided the twelve tons of Texas oil,

and the enterprise of the Hampshire County Surveyor, we are able at last in England to obtain a first-hand impression of the effect of using oil as a dust-sedative on the roads, although the practice in California dates from 1899. As a dust cure the treatment is a complete success. Journeying over the course on Mr. A. C. Harmsworth's 40 horse-power Mercedes, I was able to notice the absolute immunity from the dust nuisance enjoyed by the passers-by when we struck oil. Before and after the patch, which extends for about three-quarters of a mile on the south side of Farnborough Station towards Aldershot, the whirling wheels of this powerful car flung the dust into a pillar of cloud. On the oiled section it did nothing of the kind, for there was no dust there.

Mr. Taylor, the road-surveyor, is for the present very reticent about the cost and the wear-and-tear, as he wants to report officially to his Council before giving his facts to the public; but this much is certain, that he is a true believer in the success of the experiment, though he does not yet commit himself to figures for broadcast publication.

An annoying habit, born of the love of speed, is the carrying of an altogether excessive amount of light for travelling after nightfall. A car with three immense acetylene-lamps is positively painful to meet when their search-lights are in full blast. Such an excess of illumination is in reality a danger, not only because it frightens animals, but because it dazzles foot-passengers and drivers of other cars as well as of horses. It is like having the street lighted up by bare arc-lamps at the level of one's eyes. I met such an overlighted car lately when I was dropping quietly down Reigate Hill. The blaze was absolutely blinding. I had to crawl at almost a standstill and grope for the gap beside the car, which was chiselling its way through the darkness as if with sharp-edged tools. I was blinded for quite an appreciable time after passing the car and steered I hardly knew where. Such an excess of light constitutes really an assault upon one's eyeballs.

The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, the popular Member for the Strand and partner in the great firm of W. H. Smith and Son, has for some time been numbered in the ever-increasing ranks of automobilists. The photograph herewith shows him driving his 12 horse-power Gladiator. Lady Esther Smith (daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran), to whom he was married some eight years ago, is standing by the side of the car, and seated behind Mr. Smith is her brother, the present Earl of Arran, who succeeded to the title only last year.



THE HON. W. F. D. SMITH ON HIS TWELVE HORSE-POWER GLADIATOR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The King at Newmarket—The Cesarewitch—The Cambridgeshire—Sandown.

IT was quite like old times to be honoured by the presence of His Majesty at Newmarket for the Second October Meeting. The King looked the picture of health and he took the liveliest interest in the proceedings. His Majesty's presence at the meeting attracted a big crowd of the nobility and gentry, and it can safely

be said that we have not had such an aristocratic fixture since the Epsom Summer Meeting, when His Majesty saw the races for the Derby and the Oaks. The book-makers have had a bad time of it since Sceptre won the Oaks, as there has been a scarcity of money in the Ring. Now that the "swells" have once more taken up with racing, things should hum once more. Many racegoers are hoping that the Royal colours may be carried to the fore in some of the classic races next year. Richard Marsh, an able and affable man, has had cruel luck with his horses during the last year or two; but I am told the two-year-olds under his charge are of the improving sort, and rumour has it that the Sandown yearlings are exceptionally smart. Mead, who has done good service as a two-year-old in the Royal colours, is very likely to be a smasher next year. He is freely engaged and certainly ought to pick up some rich races. All being well, the King is certain to run several horses at Ascot in 1903, and his youngsters have been freely entered at Goodwood. Lord Marcus Beresford, who has the management of the King's racehorses, has had a wide experience in the matter of placing animals of good class, and he can be relied on to enter the young animals to the best advantage.

Wargrave, Rightful, Scullion, and Venus may go to the post, but I do not think the winner will spring from this lot. Padlock, on his running in the Duke of York Stakes, is entitled to respect, but I do not fancy Duke of Westminster, who, I hear, has been under a cloud for some little time. The selected from Huggins's stable will want beating; and if Ballantrae is well on the day she should go very close. Her victory at Doncaster over O'Donovan Rossa was a most meritorious one. She simply won running away and must be very speedy. But I believe the filly has been coughing, and it may be that Spectrum will, after all, represent the stable. The last-named was my selection for the race last year, but at the last moment Mr. Whitney withdrew to run her in the Sweepstakes, which she won, and, strange to add, the stable captured the Cambridgeshire with Watershed. If Spectrum is started for the Cambridgeshire she must not be made a loser. Royal Lancer is favoured by some of the Newmarket men, but, in my opinion, he would have no chance against Sceptre this time if the pair met. Indeed, I should stand Sceptre against the field with a run, and only in her absence should I recommend the backing of Robert le Diable, an animal that has been specially saved for the race. He ran fairly well in the Derby when not quite wound up. He is a fine, upstanding colt, and Greusil, who trains for Lord Carnarvon, is a master of the art of training. Rightful is very likely to get a place, especially if the apprentice's allowance is claimed.

There should be a big attendance at the Sandown Park Meeting this week, as Londoners are partial to the Esher enclosure, although I do not think the management pay sufficient attention to the gallery people, who, after all, assist to bring in the ready-money. The Clubbites at Sandown are well looked after. They get full value for money. The Club Stand is perfect, but I think the time has arrived to build a substantial Grand Stand, extending from the Club boundary on the one side to the end of the cheap ring on the other. It should be constructed of stone, to take the place of the present wooden shanty. True, the Company is at present sadly over-capitalised, but this should not deter the management from studying the comfort of its best-paying patrons, for regular attendants at the Sandown Meetings who go into Tattersall's Ring pay a much higher annual charge than the Club members do. Further, the military band is always buried away behind the Royal Box at Sandown, instead of being placed on the opposite side of the course, near to the number-board, as is done at Kempton Park. Good sport is promised for the Esher fixture. The feature of the meeting will be the race for the Great Foal Plate, and it is hoped that Pekin, who up to now has been a terrible impostor, may make some amends for his past delinquencies. I know Captain Bewicke and Mr. Prentice considered Pekin almost a certainty for the Derby. He must have been well tried for the Epsom race, and he is very likely, sooner or later, to reproduce that form. It is

MR. J. BUCHANAN, THE OWNER OF
BLACK SAND.

I never remember having seen more visitors on a Cesarewitch Day than the crowd which assembled to see Black Sand successful. The weather was execrable, yet hundreds of ladies bravely faced the storm to see the horses saddled in the Birdcage. Elba, the property of an unlucky owner, Lord Cadogan, was a warm favourite, while Carabine, Prince Florizel, Black Sand, and Congratulation were well backed. The race can be described in a very few words, as, after Rightful had made strong running to the Bushes, Black Sand went to the front and practically won in a walk, with Congratulation second and Rightful third. The winner is owned by Mr. James Buchanan, the distiller whose palatial offices are one of the sights of Holborn. His vans are horsed by animals worth at least £150 apiece. But for Black Sand's poor display in France recently, he would have started the absolute favourite at Newmarket, as he was the best stayer and the best handicapped animal in the race. Kempton Cannon, who rode the winner, has been very successful in the Autumn Handicaps at Newmarket, and apparently he shines in long-distance races. Congratulation, although only a small animal, is, nevertheless, a good one. She is owned by Mr. Lindemere, who is well known and highly popular on the Stock Exchange. The "House" was on the second to a man, and her victory would have been hailed with delight in and around Capel Court. The surprise of the race was the third of Rightful. This colt is owned by Mr. T. Corns, whose father-in-law, the late Mr. Lambert, landed an enormous coup when Don Juan won the Cesarewitch. I think Rightful will win a nice handicap later on, as he is a stout colt with some pace.

There should be some heavy wagering presently on the Cambridgeshire, when the owners' commissions come into the market of the horses that ran in the Cesarewitch. Volodyovski, Royal George,



MR. J. BUCHANAN'S BLACK SAND, WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.

seldom we find Captain Bewicke making a mistake, but it is certain that the son of St. Simon—Lady Yardley is not bred for good temper. He is a vile brute in the paddock, yet he runs kindly enough when once he has taken hold of his bit. He was quietly fancied for the Duke of York Stakes, for which race he finished last.—CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF there's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream, there are several things that run that premier passion a very good second, and amongst these I think both men and women will agree that a perfectly ordered and orderly household, though painfully practical and unpoetic, may be ranked—where, in fact, the servants cease from troubling and the mistress is at rest. But when may this millennium happen, is everybody's sceptical reflection, this transmutation of antipathies into affinities, this lying down of the lion—or rather, lioness—with the lamb? And Echo answers, in her usual unsatisfactory way, "When?"

More than ever does the mistress-and-maid question wax acute nowadays, and, whether it be that one wants so much or the other gives so little, there never was a time when the wheels of life creaked so noisily over the cobble-stones of domesticity. To the never-ending roll-call of complaints that reach out, there seems only one answer, and that is, Forbearance. It always seems to me that, if we could change places with our domestics for one little week in the year, after the ancient Roman fashion, when masters waited on their slaves, we should get a useful insight into their lives below-stairs as they into ours, which would, or should, greatly help us in our mutual relations. I present the idea of this revival of antique customs to the ardent reformers who write me week by week on this threadbare subject as the one and only idea which contains practical possibilities for the modern mistress.

There is at least one point of resemblance between the automobile of to-day and the stage-coach of early last century, for in both conveyances the "outsides," as they were called in Dickens's time, get or got covered with dust. I saw three men in a car go up Bond Street a few days ago. Their once white faces were black; their once black hats were white. All were wrapped in shaggy bearskin coats, and the whole effect was indeed affrighting. Apropos, the popularity of this exciting pastime has been the cause of introducing many new furs, amongst them pony-skin, or poulon, which can be made to look exceedingly smart when well cut in a close-fitting basqued jacket-shape with trimmings of gimp or braid. The loose, sacque-backed coats are also worn, but are neither as cosy nor as *chic*. Another novelty for which motoring is responsible presents itself in the form of a well-cut tweed frock, with petticoat of the same stuff attached to the skirt. These were introduced by a tailor with a master-mind of his own, and have caught on amazingly with the well-frocked *femme*. Regarding hats, which continue ugly and flat, I regret to notice the meaningless "curtain" draperies of summer not only extant but reproduced in heavy winter materials. Some days ago, being Sunday and I in church—where, as all the world knoweth, neither sleep nor distraction should enter—I could not help a very mundane fascination in the millinery just in front. Curtain of fur-edged velvet not only swathed the wearer's head, but descended to her shoulders in clumsy cascades, completely hiding the pretty hair beneath. Why will women make themselves so modestly hideous?

The marriage of Mr. George Lynch, author and War-Correspondent, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lynch, of Mount Verdon, Cork, with Carmela, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Harwood Lescher, of 31, Devonshire Place, W., took place on Saturday at St. James's Church, Spanish Place. The church was artistically

decorated and the service was fully choral. The bride wore a dress of white satin Duchesse draped with beautiful Carrickmacross applique. The graceful Court-train was composed of panne lined with billowy chiffon. The bride went away in a "vieux rose," coloured cloth gown, with which was worn a handsome set of sables. The picturesque costume was completed by a black Gainsborough hat. The two grown-up bridesmaids (Miss Mercedes Lescher, sister to the bride, and Miss Rosie Lynch, sister to the bridegroom) were gowned in soft white satin, with Puritan capes of fine lace

delicately embroidered in blues and greens. They wore black picture-hats and carried shower-bouquets of pink roses. The bridegroom presented them, each with a pearl pendant. The procession was brought up by two dainty little girls (Miss Rosalind Lescher, cousin to the bride, and Miss Laura Ball) in white satin Kate Greenaway frocks and large black hats. They were escorted by two pages (Master Bernard O'Reilly Nugent and Master Jack Ball) in black velvet with deep lace collars. The little girls wore gold chains and pendants as mementoes of the occasion, whilst the bride presented her pages with pearl-and-ruby pins.

Amongst the guests present, who numbered over two hundred, were Mr. and Mrs. D. Taylor Arnott, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Blount, Canon and Mrs. Barker, Middle. Chanal, Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Wellesley Colley, Sir Francis and Lady Fleming, Canon Gildea, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. and Miss Hussy Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Heinemann, Sir Thomas Lipton, Rev. H. Laughton, Mrs. Herman Lescher, Mr. and Mrs. Langton, Sir Donald and Lady Macfarlane, M. and Madame Mersche de Verymont, Marchese and Marchesa Mattei, Mr., Mrs., and Miss O'Reilly Nugent, Colonel and Mrs. Roper Parkington, Lady Watson Parker, Hon. Mrs. Petre, Mr. and Mrs. Spender, Miss D. Scott Coward, Madame Van de Velde and the Misses Van de Velde, Sir William and Lady Vavasour, Mrs. A. Vane-Tempest, Mr. Justice and Lady Walton, Admiral, Mrs., and Miss Whyte, and Sir Evelyn Wood and Miss Victoria Wood.

The wedding-presents, which numbered over three hundred, included a pearl bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom; from the bride's mother, a diamond ring and cheque; from the parents of the bridegroom, a silver tea-and-coffee service; from Mr. Edward Lescher, a set of silver forks and spoons; a silver salver from Sir Thomas Lipton; a tea service from Lady Parry; and a punch-bowl from Sir Evelyn Wood.

The attention of medical men has during recent years been directed to the peculiar advantages offered by the county of Cornwall, which gives a choice of climates

rivalling those of the South of France in mildness, while surpassing many of them in geniality and equability; in fact, conferring all the climatic advantages of Continental residence without the drawbacks of long and fatiguing travel, foreign language, unusual habits, and strange attendance. A climatic condition which is generally agreeable to the healthy and which becomes a real necessity to the weak is equability of temperature. What is desired is that from month to month and from day to day there shall be no violent transition from heat to cold, or *vice versa*, but that such changes as Nature imposes in this respect shall be so graduated as to cause no serious inconvenience from a sanitary or hygienic point of view. More particularly is it desired that the difference between day and



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING DOMINO SEEN AT COVENT GARDEN HALL.

night temperature shall not be extreme. These conditions are characteristic of Cornwall in a marked degree, and the fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon those to whom an equable climate is essential for the maintenance of good health. The county of Cornwall is in direct connection with every part of the Great Western Railway system, and express services of steam-heated corridor-trains are provided.

I am credibly informed by those who ought to know that, though birds build their nests in the Spring, humans prefer to furnish in the Fall, and it is, no doubt, with this psychological fact in front that our furnishing friends, Oetzmann's, of Hampstead Road, Euston, have just evolved a new catalogue, which is superlatively voluminous, instructive, and complete; so to those about to furnish or marry, or both, the book opens vistas of inexpensive art and low-priced comfort which should indeed prove a prospect of pleasure. When one considers the possibility of a real grown-up arm-chair for twenty-five shillings, a carpet of agreeable surface for something similarly inconsiderable, and all other household furniture at such comparatively inexpensive grades of cost, one realises that Hampstead Road is, or ought to be, the paradise of the young couple of limited means but unlimited aspirations, whose monetary horizon, though bounded by a few hundreds, is beset with great ideals in the matter of domestic



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SOME CHOICE DESIGNS AT OETZMANN'S.

environment. To such the Oetzmann Catalogue will come as a boon and blessing, inasmuch as, from pianos to pots and pans, the whole gamut of household wants is profusely and picturesquely treated therein.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

DURBAR.—It is quite the mode to use four or five different stuffs, one on the other, for evening wear. A Félix gown shown me this week was first of all made on green silk, then covered with pale-green satin; over this came successively green chiffon, then a shimmering white gauze, then a thin black *point d'esprit* having motifs of white lace sewn on. You will not find six very smart evening-gowns and three black for secondary wear by any means too much.

SYBIL.

Lord Graham, the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, has gone out to the Cape with the intention of becoming a member of the Colonial Legislature. Lord Graham is, of course, not a Peer; but, still, there is no precedent for a nobleman sitting in a Colonial

Parliament since the time of the American Revolution, when Thomas, the sixth Baron Fairfax, who had settled on his huge estates in Virginia, was a member of that Colony's House of Burgesses. Curiously enough, we shall soon see among us the present Lord Fairfax, who belongs to a banking company, of which he will be the representative in London. The Barony of Fairfax no longer possesses the great estates it once owned, as the seventh Baron was succeeded by a distant kinsman on whom the estates did not devolve.

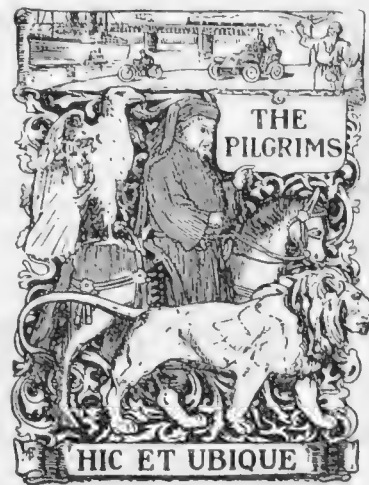
The *Daily Telegraph* Cup for Band Contests at the Crystal Palace was specially designed to embody features emblematic of the component parts of an orchestra; thus, at intervals round the body of the cup, which is of Greek outline, appear groups of instruments in applique work. These groups support shields formed of laurel wreaths on either side of the cup, and above these appears a band which passes entirely around and encloses festoons of flowers beautifully chased in high relief. The handles of the cup rest on two finely modelled masks. The whole is surmounted by a richly chased cover bearing a figure representing Music. This fine example of the silversmith's art was manufactured by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, W., and 66, Cheapside, E.C.



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CHALLENGE
CUP FOR BAND CONTESTS.

THE PILGRIMS.

THE Generals of the United States Army who have been visiting this country received a hearty welcome in all quarters, particularly from His Majesty, Earl Roberts, and Mr. Brodrick. One of the most enjoyable incidents of their stay in London was the luncheon given at the Carlton Hotel in their honour by the Pilgrims' Club on Wednesday of last week. In the unavoidable absence of the Commander-in-Chief, Hon. President of the Club, the chair was taken by General Sir William Nicholson, K.C.B., the guests having previously been received by Mr. Milton V. Snyder, of New York, and the popular Hon. Secretary, Mr. Harry Brittain, to whom the Club is so much indebted both for his efforts in its formation and in organising its gatherings. The luncheon was an exceedingly enjoyable one. Short speeches were made by the Chairman, Mr. Brodrick, Generals Corbin, Wood, and Young (the guests), by Mr. George T. Wilson, on behalf of the Pilgrims, and by Mr. Choate, who had a most cordial reception. The company included several of our most distinguished officers, Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Walton, Lord Kinnaird, the United States Ambassador to Berlin, and many other American citizens, literature being represented by Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. Altogether, the Pilgrims and their guests spent a very pleasant time, the seating of the company at a number of small tables instead of at a large one being a feature which acted as a happy stimulus to the hearty good-fellowship that fittingly characterised the whole of the proceedings.



LUNCHEON to
Generals CORBIN, YOUNG and WOOD
of the U.S. Army.
CARLTON HOTEL, October 15th, 1902.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS.

At the Holborn Restaurant an exhibition and demonstration of the L.N.A. process of colour-photography was recently given in the presence of a large company of photographic experts and representatives of the Press. This process is an adaptation of the invention of Messrs. Lumiere et Fils, of Lyons, the largest photographic manufacturers in the world, who have acquired exceptional fame from their experiments in colour-photography. By the L.N.A. system the coloured photograph is produced in the ordinary camera by taking three negatives through three screens. These three negatives each contain one only of the three primary colours, red, yellow, and blue, and from them three prints are made, which are exposed for thirty seconds to diffused daylight. These are developed by immersion in water at 100° Fahr. In the process of development everything except the impression produced by the particular colours under treatment is cleared, and after development the prints are dried. When dried, the print is immersed in a dyeing solution, and takes up dye according to which one of the primary colours the print refers to. These dyed prints are then superimposed and mounted, and the three primary colours blending together produce the photograph in natural colours of the object which has been photographed in the three negatives. Mr. T. Bedding, Editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, and Mr. H. Snowden Ward, Editor of the *Photogram*, have both endorsed the new process as a simple and easily workable method.

For the first time since their appearance at the Globe Theatre, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, together with their entire Company and production in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," revisit London, appearing this week at Mr. Robert Arthur's Kennington Theatre. The play is staged with the original costumes exactly as when presented at the Globe Theatre.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 28.

MARKET GOSSIP.

THE markets have been comparatively quite cheerful ever since the settlement of the Yankee coal strike, but, so far, the same old lack of business has been very apparent.

The poor creditors of the defunct London and Globe have had another disappointment, and, owing to the action of the Nickel Corporation, their promised dividend of a shilling in the pound looks as far off as, if it had never been declared. A good deal was said at the meeting the other day about the prosecution of the late Managing Director, and every person interested in the purity of City finance—what investor is not?—owes a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Flower for their persistent efforts to get the matter taken up by the Public Prosecutor. According to current gossip, too many people in high places—their names are bandied about—are, or have been, friends of Mr. Whitaker Wright for the Public Prosecutor ever to proceed, but we see no reason why Messrs. Flower or some other victim should not take steps, and we are sure that every right-minded person in financial circles would be very much obliged to anyone who would move in the matter.

The squabble over the granting of a Special Settlement in the shares of the Geduld Deep Company has ended, as everybody expected, by the Committee fixing a day for the completion of the bargains. It is hard to see how any other course could have been taken, and it is certain that even the victims of the deal themselves, in their wildest dreams, scarcely hoped for eventual escape. If people will buy "a pig in a poke," they must not squeal when the seller asks for his money.

REDUCED CONSOLS.

Three per Cent. Reduced Stock was as well-known in the middle part of last century as Goschens are nowadays. Reminiscently, it is interesting to recall how the Three per Cent. Consols failed to get over par until 1844; it was on April 9 of that year that the quotation topped the round 100 for the first time. As everyone knows, the highest level attained by the Funds was reached about this time of year in 1896, when the price rose to an eighth under 114, repeating the performance in the following twelvemonth. Between 114 and the present price of about 93 is a great gulf of one-and-twenty points, a gulf never likely to be bridged in the present generation. The great problem to be solved is whether the quotation may be expected to get anywhere near par again, in view of the reduction of interest on the stock next year. Will the old-fashioned holders sell their Goschens when the lower rate of dividend becomes borne into them upon receiving cheques for a lower amount than usual? The solution to the question probably lies with the Money Market. A long period of cheap money, such a spell as helped Consols to 113½ in 1896 and 1897, would be an immense boon to proprietors of all gilt-edged securities, and, after all, there is no reason why a fresh spell of a low Bank Rate should not visit us when the world's monetary requirements settle down into more normal channels. Of course, the immediate outlook for the Consol Market is bounded by the two clouds of a stale bull account in the stock and the coming Transvaal Loan. In course of time both of these influences will cease to work, and six months hence we shall probably be able to form some criterion of the spirit in which holders of Consols will receive their lowered dividends. While the prospects are thus bound to be unsettled for some time to come, the steady-going investor who requires absolute safety has an excellent selection of stocks to his hand which in their way are almost as good as the premier security. Local Loans and India Threes are both a trifle under par and both occupy the most gilt-edged of positions. Either stock can be sold and delivered at less than a day's notice; an advance in Consols means a rise also in these, and the rate of interest, for such securities, is good. It seems to us that the average trustee can do better with his money nowadays than by investing it in Consols, and the two stocks mentioned are among the best of their class.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

We are able this week to give our readers, direct from the Rand, the latest information upon the position. The activity of the big houses in acquiring options, to which our Correspondent calls attention, appears to portend a revival in the Kaffir Market within the next few months, for it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Beit and his fellow

millionaires have taken the trouble to acquire such a large amount of calls merely for the sake of amusement, and until there is a Kaffir revival all these options are valueless. It is well worth a speculator's while to study with care the list given by our Correspondent, and to follow the tips with which such a list teems will probably prove a not unremunerative proceeding.

THE POSITION ON THE RAND.

The cry on the Rand is still for more native labour. Indeed, the position is hardly changed since I wrote last. Practically, a Kaffir has taken his discharge for every one of the five thousand or so recruited each month at much expense by the Native Labour Association, and the mines stand to-day just where they did at the beginning of winter. But we still have hope—hope, the most constant asset of the mining-camp. Macfarlane, one of the Managers of the Association, has gone somewhere in the direction of the Mountains of the Moon to look for "boys"; Nourse, the other Manager, has gone inland from Mozambique; and between them they ought to bring back a good Christmas-box for the mines. Who said "Chinamen"? No, we dare not breathe the word just yet. For the present the Yellow Man is tabooed.

Both the Government and the Chamber of Mines have taken a step in the right direction. The former have resolved on a £2 tax on male Niggers in lieu of the present hut-tax, and, whatever Exeter Hall may say, this is the most sensible piece of legislation for natives for many a day; but, as the new tax does not come into operation till Jan. 1, and as it will possibly be from four to six months after that before the authorities begin to collect it, it is not going to relieve the immediate necessities of the mines, though in future years the tax will, no doubt, have a beneficial influence on the labour market. What is now wanted is for the other Colonies and States of South Africa to fall into line with the Transvaal in compelling the black man to bear a reasonable share of the white man's burden.

The action of the Chamber of Mines in putting the drill-boys on piece-work is so obviously to the advantage of the industry that the only wonder is some such measure was not taken years ago. If a clever "boy" can be got to drill two holes a-day instead of the regulation one, it is manifestly in the interests of the industry that he should be encouraged to do so. It is one way of solving the labour difficulty. The new arrangement ought to show tangible results within a month or two. It may have the effect of considerably increasing the supply of labour, if the Kaffir takes kindly to the idea that he has it in his power to appreciably increase his earnings.

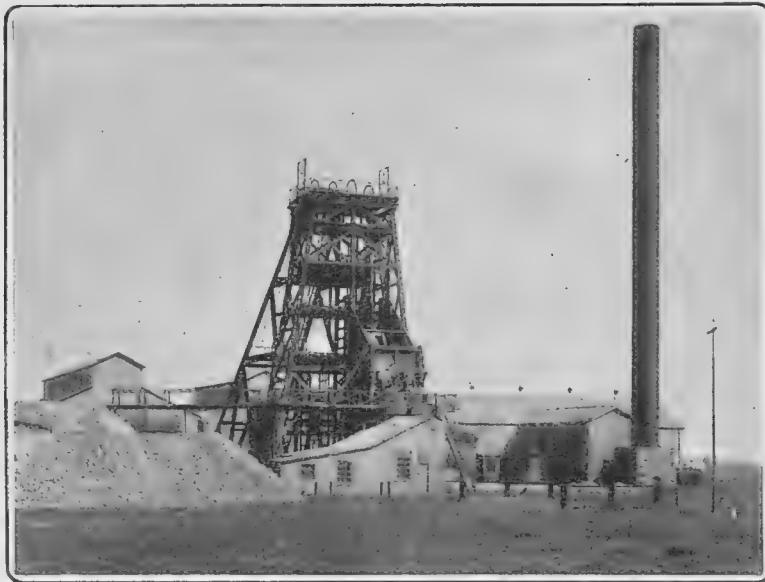
Before departing from the perennial question of labour, it may be as well to sound a note of warning in regard to mine development. At some of the mines now producing, the scarcity of labour is resulting in the neglect of development, hence the reserves are being gradually eaten in upon. If the conditions do not improve soon, it may be necessary in time to hang up numbers of stamps, so that development may be undertaken. These remarks do not apply to such well-ordered mines as those of the Rand Mines group, which have usually enormous reserves, the advantage of which will now be apparent.

As regards the mines at work, two which show improved prospects from recent development are the Langlaagte Deep and Salisbury. The former has a very big reef, giving the mine a long life, and, with a better grade of ore in prospect, the shares should be a good buy. The Salisbury has struck some good ground and will show very different results soon. The Paarl Central, having successfully placed its new shares, may be expected to get actively to work at once. The Company has a modern plant, 60 heavy

stamps, with framing ready for 10 more. It will take from £15,000 to £20,000 to pump the mine out and do necessary repairs, such as re-tubing boilers, etc. As the bulk of the shares are held by the Rand Mines, the Company is likely to have a future, and at anything near par the shares ought to be a good investment. At the extreme west of the Rand matters hang fire. The Manager of the Randfontein has recently come out from England, and is reported to have said he has come six months too soon. Mr. J. B. Robinson does not appear to share this view, as he is expected on the Rand shortly, and his mission is usually to make Managers and other superior persons "boss up." There is an option over 200,000 Randfontein shares expiring next February, and, if it is to be exercised, Managers must put their best foot foremost.

At the eastern end of the Rand, in contrast with the west, there is much activity for these times, and this is reflected in the Share Market. The diamond drill is visible at work on numbers of farms. On the ground of the Rand Colliery one of the minor reefs overlying the Main Reef is reported to have been struck. In the case of the Transvaal Coal Trust, the shares, contrary to expectation, have weakened since the details were made public of the flotation of a gold-mining subsidiary. Market gossip says this is due to the terms of flotation, but is it not more likely that the bore-hole results, not yet made public, are not satisfactory?

Mr. Beit is here, and I saw Mr. Farrar at the Races the other day, wearing his War honours modestly, but looking as fit and natty as ever. Mr. J. B. Robinson will be here shortly, and so will Mr. Joel, of Barnato's; and if nothing substantial results from the visit of these leaders of the industry, well—we may look out for the Deluge. There is a general impression that the leaders are sitting on the market, and will continue to do so until the Imperial Government shows its hand in regard to the Transvaal's share of the cost of the War. This may be the case, but that the big financial houses have been counting on a period of activity in the market in the not distant future is obvious from a variety of reasons. For one thing, these houses, whatever they have been doing in the open market, have been securing from the Mining Companies options over large blocks of shares. Blocks of shares have also been acquired outright for cash, and others as a result of guaranteeing new issues. The Eckstein-Beit group have just exercised their option over the mining rights of the Turf Club, in respect of which they will subscribe for 700,000 shares at par in the new deep-level to be known as the Turf Mines. The same group are taking up 40,000 shares in the Durban Rooderfort Deep at 70s. a share, while their protégé, the Rand Mines, will acquire the great bulk of the new issues of the Langlaagte Deep and Paarl Central. In the case of the East Rand there is an option over 30,000 shares at £10 a share till next April. The Neumann-Beit combination guaranteed the recent issue of 100,000 shares by the Witwatersrand Deep, and must have had a certain proportion of the shares to take up owing to the state of the market at the time. They have an option over a further 50,000 shares at 90s. till July next. The same group have options over shares in the Modderfontein and Knight Central—of the former



A NEW DEEP-LEVEL—THE WIT DEEP.

Photograph by Barnett and Co., Johannesburg.

3332 at £10 a share, and 10,000 at £13 10s. a share till Nov. 12, and of the latter 29,713 at 70s. a share till February next. Under the guarantee of February last they have already acquired 9763 Knight Centrals at 57s. 6d., the price in the market to-day being 76s. The Consolidated Main Reef and its subsidiaries under the control of the same group have disposed recently of large blocks of shares—the parent Company of 76,554 at an average of 51s. 10d. a share, and the two deep-levels of 75,000 in the one case and 77,000 in the other at slightly under £2 a share. It will be remembered that shortly before the War 100,000 shares in each of these two deep-levels were subscribed for by Messrs. L. Hirsch and Co. at £2 a share. These large blocks of shares both in the Main Reef and its subsidiaries can hardly have been retailed yet to any extent to the public. Partly also under the Beit control, the French Rand has given a year's option over 68,000 shares at £3 a share, while the Beit group in conjunction with others have taken a two years' option over 84,000 shares in the West Roodepoort Deep at 27s. 6d. a share, these firms having guaranteed the recent issue of 113,600 shares at par and advanced a loan of £75,000. The Barnatos and the Consolidated Goldfields have been singularly behind in this option business of late, but the German houses have made some excellent deals. The Albus (General Mining and Finance Corporation) and others in the group secured 260,000 shares in the West Rand Mines at par, and afterwards advanced the shares to 55s. Price to-day about 40s. The Albus also have done excellent business with the Violet, getting 50,000 shares at par and having the option to convert £300,000 Debentures into shares at £2. They had also a good deal with the new capital of the Roodepoort United Main Reef, and acquired additional shares in the Van Ryn by their guaranteeing the new issue of 100,000 shares at 55s. Goerz and Co. guaranteed the recent issue of 48,689 shares in the Lancaster, and thereby considerably increased their holding in the Company. Of the smaller houses, the Freeman Cohen's Consolidated has a profitable two years' option over 62,500 shares in the Rand Collieries at par, the market price to-day being over £2.

It will be gathered that most of the financial houses have well fortified themselves against a rising market.

THE YANKEE SEESAW.

Evidently the sharp lesson taught to the Wall Street punters is not going to be taken very deeply to heart. Already the New York Correspondents are telling us that the banks on the other side have begun to extend their loans once more, while the market manipulators appear to be preparing a fresh campaign of activity in the direction of pooling arrangements and so forth. Not even the reports of the death of Mr. Russell Sage went very far to stop the new-born feeling of bullishness which asserts its claim to attention, and the game may run merrily on for another six months before the final check comes. Arguments in favour of a further rise are as easily discoverable as those which range themselves on the other side. The prosperity is there: the lines have more traffic to carry than they know how to deal with, and there is no indication of any disturbance of the nation's wonderful commercial success; no disturbance, that is, as far as the external position, although labour troubles, and the growing antagonism to the ever-expanding Trusts, must here and there cripple an industry for a time at least. Moreover, on several of the better-class speculative shares there can be obtained a rate of interest high enough to make them worth holding, even though the capital-value should be temporarily depressed. Such are some of the arguments which may be used legitimately enough by the bulls. The reasons given by the bears for their faith are almost too familiar to call for repetition, besides being worn threadbare by use. There is an apprehension in some quarters that another crash may be precipitated by the calling in of loans on Yankee Rails by the London banks, and, while we should not care to stake much on this view, it is somewhat significant that at least one of the largest money-lending firms in the Stock Exchange has been withdrawing its contangoes on Yankees for the past few accounts. The movement is being conducted so quietly that neither alarm nor inconvenience is necessitated, but the fact remains. It must be recognised that the financial factors dominate the situation, and the course of the Money Markets will have more to do with the Yankee Market between now and Christmas-time, than any such intrinsic consideration as traffics or profits.

Saturday, Oct. 18, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

COCOS.—As far as income goes, the whole of your list is very good. We would suggest you looked at the South American suggestions in our Notes of the last two issues.

FINANCE.—It is rather too soon to get much information out of the market men, but see our South African letter in this issue. When the offer of the shares is made, write again.

S. R.—The cheapest Cape security is the 1883 Four per Cent. Loan. Try to pick up some of the bonds to bearer, which, even allowing for the chances of redemption, will return you 3½ or 3¾ per cent. We hear that the Revolver Company is doing better and that the Preference shares are worth buying.

B. S.—(1) As to the mine, everything depends on the prices of silver, lead, and zinc. See our issue of Sept. 24. (2) We presume you mean W. Hill and Son. At the current price, the shares appear attractive, as the business is generally understood to be a sound one.

DUBIOUS.—See answer to "Notts" in last week's issue. In the case of nearly all lottery bonds, you get the par value back in the end, but this may be considerably less than the market price to-day. In the case of such things as City of Paris, Suez Canal, or Congo bonds, the drawings are certainly quite fair.

MAISIE.—We suggest Gas Light and Coke Ordinary stock, City of Mexico 5 per cent. Bonds, Cape of Good Hope 4 per cent. 1883 Bonds, Japanese 5 per cent. stock, Brazilian Rescission Bonds, and Inter-oceanic of Mexico Railway Prior Lien Bonds. The less you have to do with Brewery Debentures, the better for your pocket in the long run.

J. W.—The best thing you can do will be to give notice that you dissent from the scheme under Section 161 of the Companies Act, 1862. The notice is very technical, and you should get a solicitor to draw it for you. It must be served on the Liquidator (by post, if you like) within seven days of the meeting. You must take care not to attend the meeting and vote for the resolutions.

B. E. C.—We will make inquiries and let you know next week.

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These squares are prepared in 13 Varieties (MULLIGATAWNY, JULIENNE, GRAVY, &c.), and should find a place in every store-room, being invaluable for making soup at short notice or improving stock. They will keep good any reasonable length of time and are packed in neat boxes containing 6 & 12 Squares.

**ONE 6^D SQUARE
WILL MAKE A PINT & A HALF
OF STRONG NUTRITIOUS SOUP**

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS & STORES.
Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the Squares, please communicate at once with the Manufacturers.
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13 VARIETIES.

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LARGER PREMISES.

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LOWER PRICES.

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Solid Silver Two-handle Cup and Cover on Ebonised Plinth.
From £10 to £50.



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7 8 9 inch.
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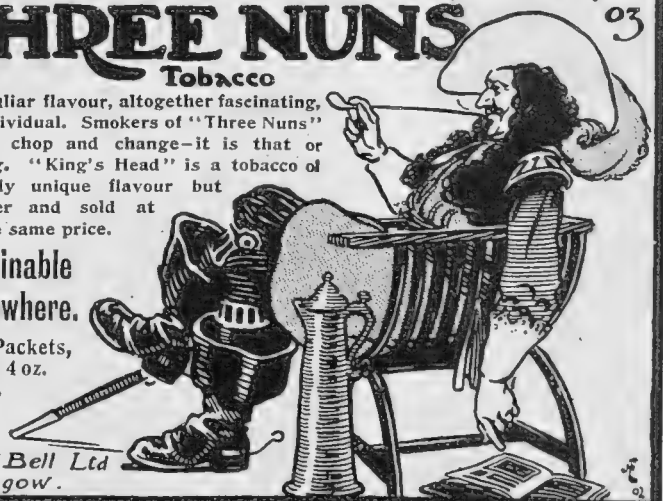
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HALF the Body WASTED

BY

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

To derive full value from food,
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The Entire Medical Press

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in the treatment of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Wakefulness, Loss of Sleep, Heartburn, Chronic Diarrhoea, Constipation, Headache, Nausea, and all Diseases arising from Imperfect Nutrition.

LACTOPEPTINE is not a patent medicine or a secret remedy, but has its formula printed upon the labels attached to each bottle.

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MARSUMA

EAST

INDIAN CIGARS.

Photo. by W. Andrew & Grove.
"SIR HENRY IRVING."

Sir HENRY IRVING, 17, Stratton Street,
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Many thanks for cigars, which are most excellent.
Faithfully yours,
HENRY IRVING.

F. S. GOWAR, Esq., 291, London Road, Reading,
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Gentlemen,—Please forward me 100 box
"Surabaya" Cigars, as I have nearly
finished the 50. The Cigars are all you
claim for them, and are the most
excellent I have ever smoked, and
my experience has been large.
I have had many 100s, and
even 200s, of Havana
Cigars that were not
to be compared with those
you sent me.
Yours faithfully,
F. S.
GOWAR.

The
MARSUMA
is made from
the choicest
EAST Indian
Tobacco, and there-
fore the best Cigar in
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Better than Havana, Mexican,
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100	50	100	50	100	50	100	50	100	50
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Your tobacconist (if satisfied with fair profit) can obtain them for you. If you have any difficulty, write to us and we will send name of nearest tobacconist who stocks them, or forward you boxes direct upon receipt of P.O. or cheque, carriage paid. Full value returned if not satisfied after smoking few cigars.

H. ANDIAMIO & CO., HAVANNA, near Congleton, ENGLAND.

The State Express Cigarettes
Absolutely Unique
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Appeal to, and are appreciated by, all smokers whose taste is not blurred by cheap cigarettes.

THE THOUGHTFUL SMOKER selects them because of their recognised high standard of excellence and purity, only the most carefully selected leaf and most expert handwork being used in their manufacture.

They have a beautiful mellow flavour, with entire absence of bite, and are recognised as the highest class production in cigarettes.

No. 555, 4/9 per 100; 1/3 per 25.

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ARDATH TOBACCO COMPANY, LONDON, E.C.

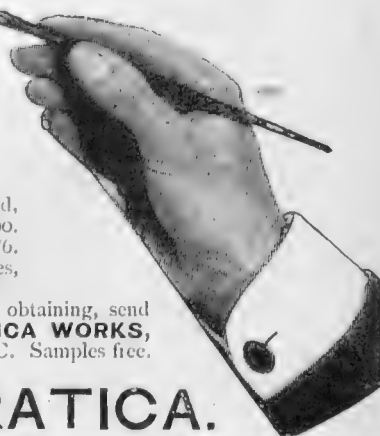
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HIERATICA the Ancient
Writing Paper of the Priests, and
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it is hard & smooth like Parchment
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Reject Imitations

For Private use, 5 quires Note, 1/-
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CAILLER'S
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE
stands the test of
comparison with any
Milk Chocolate
made, and has won
first place on its
merits.

MILK CHOCOLATE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TABLETS, from 1d. to 1s.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY.

The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by Certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

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A SURE PROTECTION FROM INFECTION.

"SANITAS"

BEST OF ALL
DISINFECTANTS.

Non-Poisonous, Fragrant and Clean.

1/- and 5/-
Pint Bottles and Gallon.

FLUIDS, POWDER & SOAPS.

"SANITAS" now enjoys general favour.—*Lancet*.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND

The "SANITAS" COMPANY, Ltd.,

BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON.

Quaker Oats

SPOONS AND FORKS

The retail value of Quaker Oats Spoons or Forks is 3/- each.

have style, finish, and life-long durability. Extra triple silver-plated. Unique and beautiful design.

How to Get Them for 1/-

No advertisement on them.

Send 1/- Postal Order and four (4) white squares like this, cut from the front of Quaker Oats packets and we will forward, post paid, either a Spoon or Fork. 1/- and four (4) white squares must be sent for each additional Spoon or Fork. Extra Squares not accepted in place of money.

This offer closes December 31, 1903, and only applies to Great Britain and Ireland.

Most Grocers can supply them on the same terms.

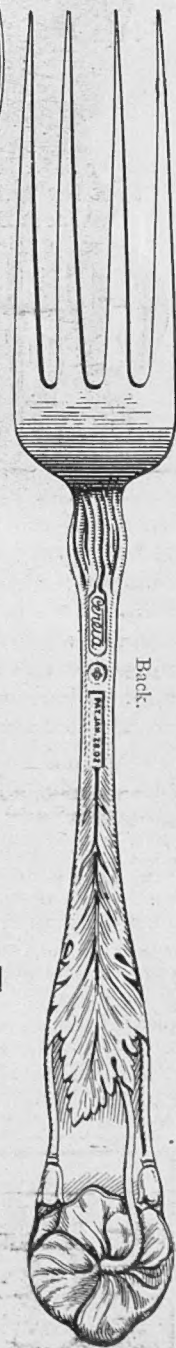
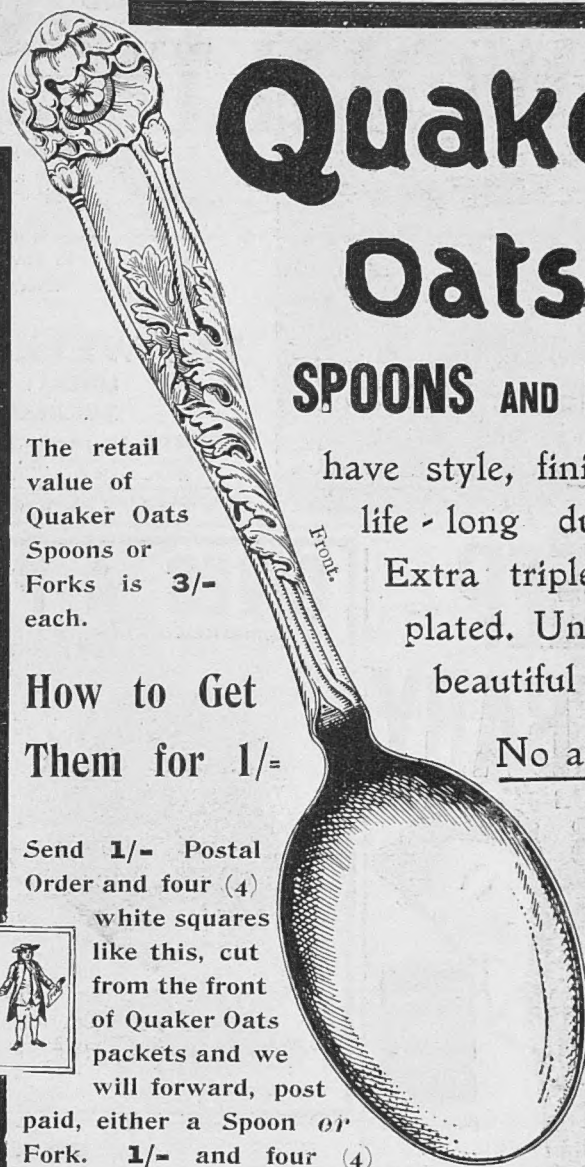
OUR GUARANTEE. Quaker Oats Spoons and Forks are the best that money can buy, and are guaranteed to please even the most fastidious. If not satisfactory when received, please return same, and we will refund the money. Write your name and address plainly, and forward to Department P 3, QUAKER OATS, LTD., EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

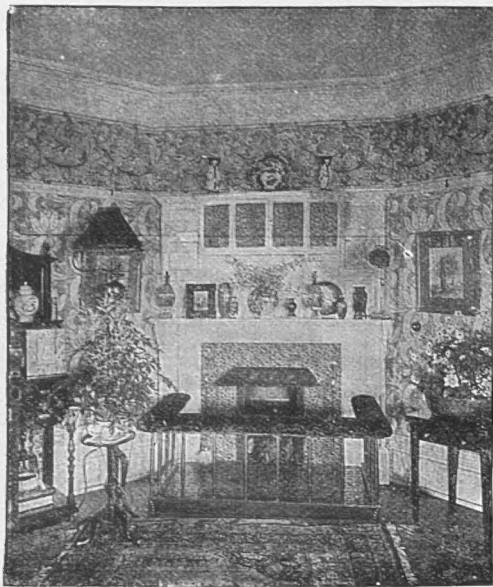
Thistle Spoons

If you wish for cheap spoons, send us 5d. and three (3) white squares, from front of 2lb. packets, or twelve (12) white squares (2lb. packets), and no cash, and we will forward post paid a Thistle Spoon; no forks in this quality. These silver-plated Spoons are richly embossed with our exclusive Thistle design, and have no advertisement on them.

Thistle Spoons are superior in every way to any advertised Gift spoon.

This offer closes December 31, 1903, and applies only to Great Britain and Ireland. Address Dept. P 3, QUAKER OATS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.





BOWES'
PATENT

WELL FIRE



POINTS TO REMEMBER—

1. It is perfect in action.
2. It is a smoke-consumer.
3. It cures smoky chimneys.
4. It is a powerful heater.
5. It is made in a great variety of forms, from 50s. to £50.
6. It is decorative in character.
7. It will burn peat or coal.
8. It will burn from 20 to 30 hours without feeding.
9. It can be left all day or night without attention.
10. It is the only fireplace made on scientific lines with a solid brick chamber, and without which the same results cannot be attained.

Every Fireplace is stamped with the Company's Trade Mark, as above.

Illustrations and full particulars may be had on application to

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SLEEP FOR BABY

AND REST FOR
MOTHERS



Sleep for Skin Tortured Babies and
Rest for Tired Mothers, in
Warm Baths with

Cuticura SOAP

And gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures, to be followed in severe cases by mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. This is the most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humours, with loss of hair, of infants and children, ever compounded.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and surgery. Millions of women use CUTICURA SOAP in baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, too free or offensive perspiration, in washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves.

Sold throughout the world. SOAP, 1s. OINTMENT, 2s. 6d. PILLS, 1s. 1/2. The S.E. & S. Co., proprietors, of F. NEWBERRY & SONS, British Depot, 27-28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

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Can only be preserved by the use of the
Natural Oxygenated Iclima Water.
Iclima Fluor Cream and Iclima Castille Soap.
Complete collection for every lady's or gentleman's toilet.
table. The Natural Salts in Iclima keep the skin white,
cool, and healthy, and prevent irritations caused by the
sun, wind, insects, or acidity of the blood. Water, 6d.
(post free, 7d.), 1s., 2s.; Cream, 1s.; Soap, 10d.
ICLIMA, 125, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

GIVES A PERFECT BUST

Remarkable Treatment that Develops the Bust Six Inches
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Perfectly Safe and Harmless Treatment
Fully Described Free to All.

Every woman who, through sickness or worry or any other cause, lacks the natural development of bust, can easily regain a perfect figure by a new and remarkable treatment that quickly enlarges the bust to full proportion. Miss Moreton writes: "Diano acting splendidly: already developed two inches." Mrs. Crook writes: "Diano has had wonderful effect: bosoms are getting quite full." Miss Gould writes: "My figure is perfectly developed by Diano. Shall not require any more." Mrs. Blake writes: "Since using Diano my chest measurement has increased six inches." These ladies have intimated their pleasure to give their experience to others (full address will be given to bona-fide applicants). *It is a home treatment* that any lady can easily use in her private apartments, and is guaranteed to give the desired result without the slightest inconvenience. By sending your name and address to LADY MAGGIE, D. H. ESPANOLA MEDICINE CO. (INCORPORATED), 221, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., you will receive FREE full description of this remarkable method, which will enable you to attain perfect bust development at home at a very slight expense. The description is mailed to you free in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely the bust can be developed, and it will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

The desire to possess Beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest.



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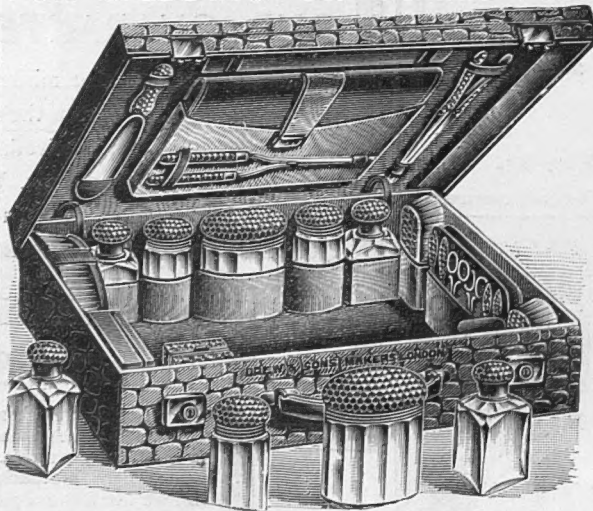
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Supplying Purchasers direct from their own London Factory, saving all intermediate profits.

The Largest Stock in London to select from.

New and Exclusive Designs

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Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6 per doz.
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Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 1/2 doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

SAMPLES & PRICE: AND SHIRTS.
LISTS POST FREE.

N.B.—Old Shirts made good as new with good materials in Neck Bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the 1/2 doz.

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An
Exquisite Spirit,
kept in bond from
10 to 13 years.

KEITH'S "CADZOW"

Old Liqueur

WHISKY.

44/- per dozen
case, carriage
paid. Sample
bottle, 4/-

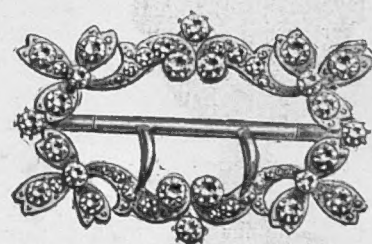
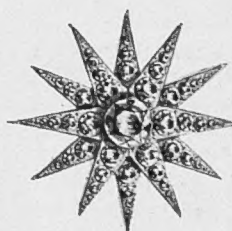
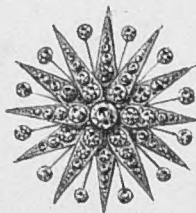
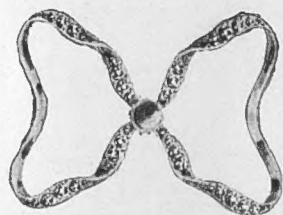
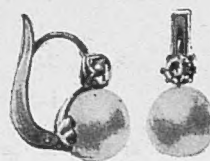
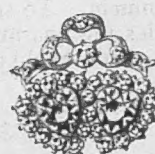
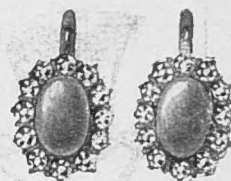
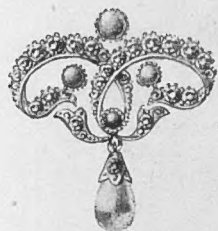
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The Parisian Diamond Company.

"BLACK AND WHITE."

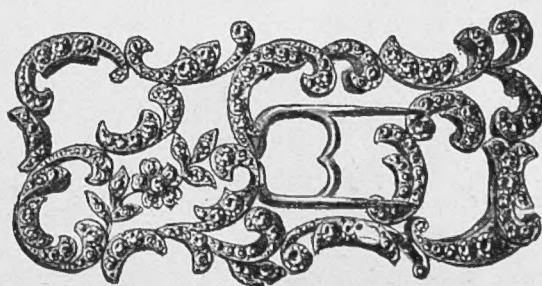
THE OLD AND THE NEW.

"I have just been reading an article in the *Connoisseur* anent the old-world imitation of the diamond, the paste or strass of the Louis XV. or Louis XVI. days. Pastes were then regarded, it relates, as a substitute for, rather than desiring to appear as the diamond, and given a special dignity of their own and mounted with the rarest skill and most expensive workmanship. The history of paste would seem repeated by the experiences of the Parisian Diamond. It is conceded in the jewellery of the age a position quite unique, and upon it is lavished the work of the cleverest artificers of the day; and, again, like the pastes of the early eighteenth century, it is by the classes rather than by the masses that it is cherished. A pause at the famous establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, and a glimpse of the callers there, afford the readiest proof that this is indeed the case. How history repeats itself!"



PEARLS

A Spécialité.



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

POST FREE.

85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; 37, 38, & 43, Burlington Arcade, W.

(Opposite Marshall & Snelgrove's.)

(Facing Liberty's, Chesham House.)
The Company's only address in Regent St.

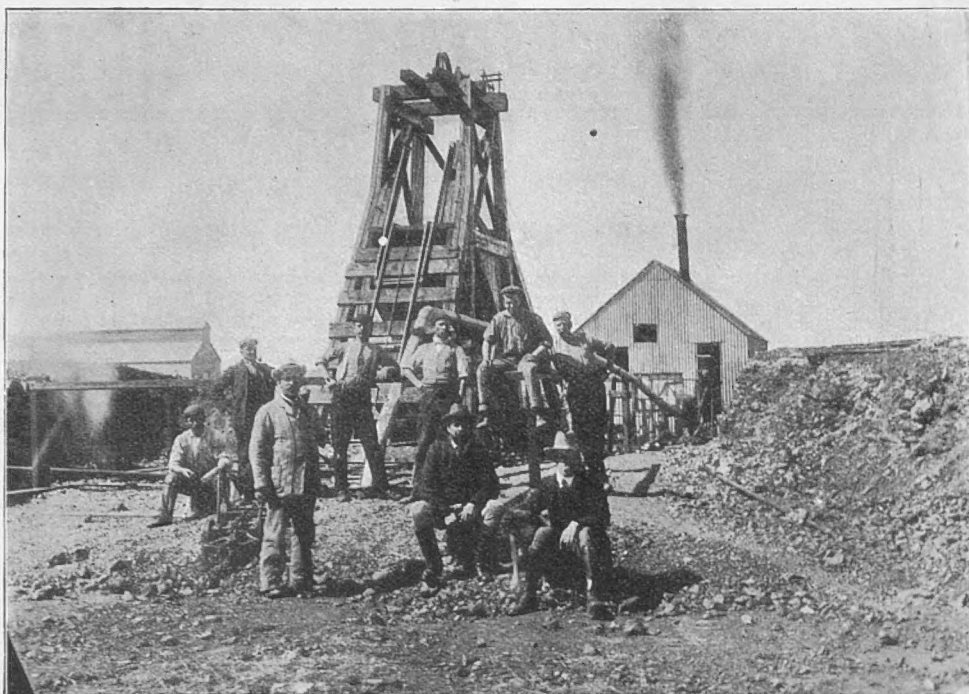
(Burlington Gardens End.)

GOLD-MINING IN THE TRANSVAAL.

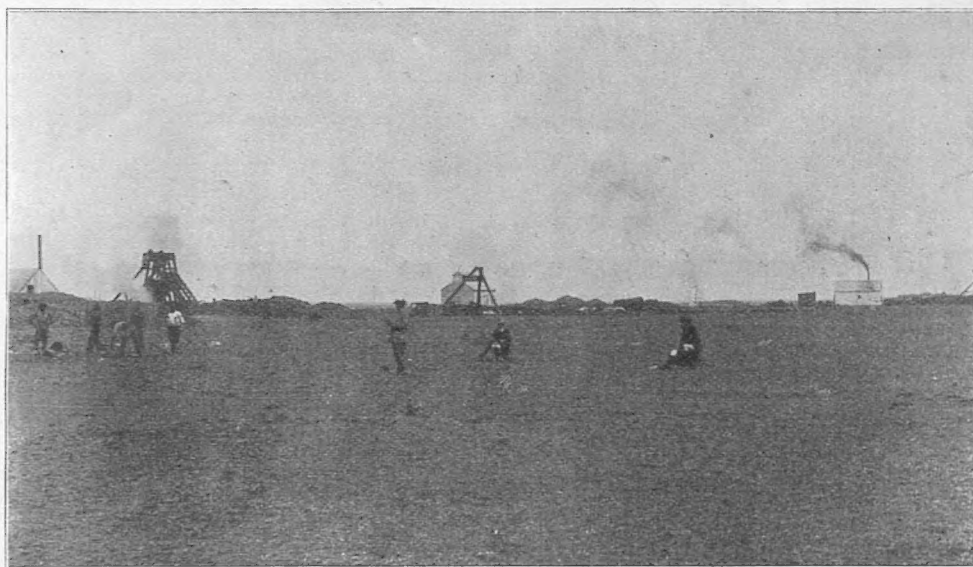
THE GOLDFIELDS OF KLERKSDORP.

IN reviewing the prospects of South Africa as a gold-producing country, the investor and speculator must not conclude that the goldfield immediately contiguous to Johannesburg (known as the Witwatersrandt proper) is the only one from which remunerative returns may be expected. There are, in fact, other districts within the bounds of our new Colony where payable gold deposits have been proved to exist, the one most closely related geologically and in locality being the district of Klerksdorp.

Stratigraphical theorists have stated that the Klerksdorp formation is a continuation of the banket deposits of the Randt proper; and although this hypothesis cannot, as yet, be regarded as definitely established, it certainly derives confirmation from the fact that the



NIEKERK, LIMITED: A 1 SHAFT, HEADGEAR, AND ENGINE-HOUSE, WITH GROUP OF WHITE EMPLOYEES.

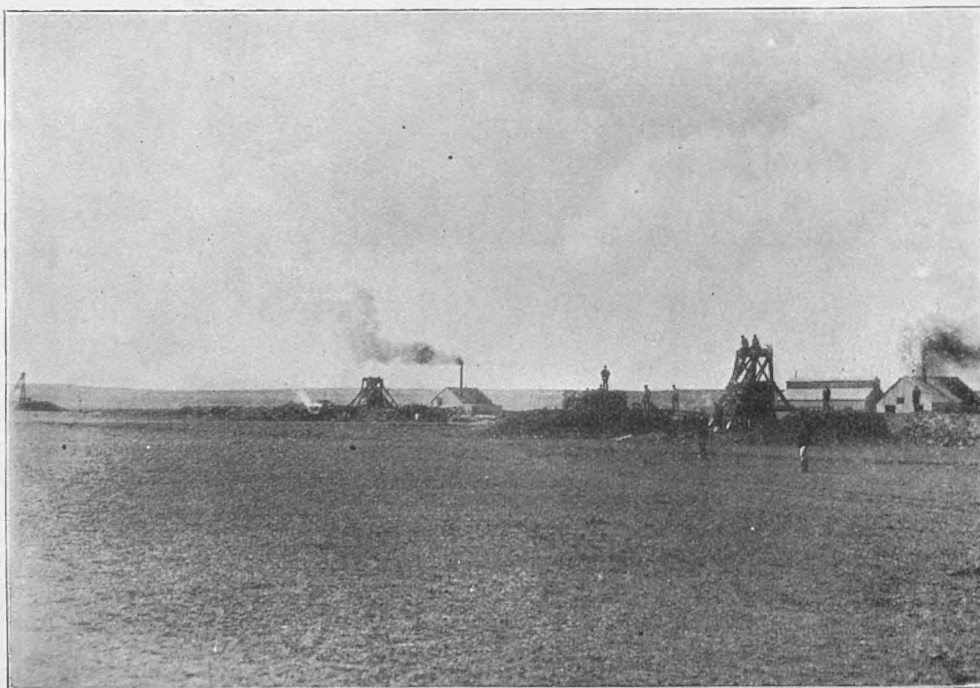


NIEKERK, LIMITED: GENERAL VIEW OF THE MINING WORKS, LOOKING WEST, SHOWING NO. 2 SHAFT IN THE FOREGROUND AND A 1 SHAFT IN THE DISTANCE.

reefs there exhibit the same characteristic conglomerate formation as distinguishes the Johannesburg mines. The discoveries recently reported in the far Eastern Randt afford further evidence in favour of the view; while, beyond the Randfontein Estates, the Western Rand Estates, Limited, are seeking to demonstrate by bore-holes the continuance of the formation in the opposite direction. To judge from an interesting geological map of the far Western Randt, recently issued under the auspices of Dr. Carrick, and from his accompanying report, it is fair to assume that on the Western Rand Estates will be found an extension of the Main Reef series.

One of the largest and best-known South African houses has recently acquired important interests in the Klerksdorp district, and within the last few months properties there have greatly increased in value, the results of recent active development work there being highly satisfactory.

The Chairman of the Klerksdorp Chamber of Mines is Mr. Joseph Hassall, M.I.M.E., whose paper on the Klerksdorp Goldfields attracted considerable attention when read before the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy some two years ago. Mr. Hassall is General Manager of Niekerk, Limited, a Company owning two hundred and seventeen claims which are in an advanced stage of development. Since the resumption of operations on that property in March last a total footage of 1100 feet has been carried out, and the values reported over the whole period average 12 dwt. 7 gr. per ton for a width of reef of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, a yield which compares favourably with that from many of the Randt mines, where ores of the value of 8 dwt. of gold per ton are now very profitable to work. The views appended will give some idea of the property and equipment of the Company.



NIEKERK, LIMITED: GENERAL VIEW OF THE MINE, LOOKING EAST, SHOWING A 1 SHAFT IN THE FOREGROUND AND NO. 3 SHAFT IN THE BACKGROUND.